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*Freethought.*¹

OBVIOUSLY a subject so large, and so little definite, requires the utmost precision as to what we mean, if we are to discuss it to any purpose, and not to wander off into all the maze of topics which it suggests. The very idea of freedom, above all of mental freedom, is of necessity supremely dear to every right-minded man, so that it may at first sight appear an axiomatic truth that a system which claims distinctively the name of Freethought must be the most worthy of our rational allegiance.

But very little consideration is required to show us that to speak of Freethought is to use a phrase which in the strict and proper sense of the words cannot signify anything. Thought cannot be free,—that is to say, it cannot be independent of the laws of thought, laws as rigorous and exacting as those of mathematics: and who will call mathematical thought “free,” though it is a supreme example of the power and capacity of the human mind? Of all worthy thinking the object is truth,—the truth which makes us free, in the only rational sense of the word, and he who finds the path to its attainment, however strait and narrow that path may be, finds the way to intellectual liberty, to freedom from the dominion of ignorance and error. Most conspicuously is this manifest in regard of Science. When Science comes in, freethought goes out: once she discovers a new truth with certainty, we must perforce renounce all right to question or deny; yet, so far are we from considering such constraint as a bondage unworthy of intelligent beings, it is our greatest pride, and the whole object of those educational efforts which we so greatly esteem, and from which we anticipate so much, is to subject as many of our fellows as possible to the same yoke. He who should deny the attraction of gravitation, or the rotundity of the earth, or the Norman Conquest, would be set down, not as a noble instance of intellectual freedom, but as either an ignoramus or a fool.

It is obvious, accordingly, that, when we speak of Free-

¹ Being the substance of a Lecture.

thought, we do not really mean freethought at all, but freedom of inquiry, freedom to seek truth, along any path that will lead us thereto.

But, here again, at once arises another question similar to the last. What about the choice of the path upon which to embark? It is obvious that as in our thinking we may commit grave errors, if we neglect or mistake the laws of thought, just as we may go wrong in a mathematical calculation,—so amongst the many roads that profess to lead to knowledge and truth, we may follow a wrong one instead of the right, and so be led not to truth but error. It is likewise evident, that it would be a sorry kind of liberty which left us absolutely free to follow our own devices, without ever a signpost to tell us how to choose: just as it would never be said that a ship captain in unknown waters was free because he had no pilot, or an Alpine climber because he had no guide. Is it not manifest that as in order to think with any effect, we must submit to be controlled by the laws of right reasoning,—so in order to have any prospect of attaining the goal of truth, we must choose a path that can conduct us thither, and the more strictly we be kept to it, the more the risk of straying from it be eliminated, the better is our intellectual case. It is no infringement of our liberty that there are parapets to our London bridges which keep us from walking into the Thames.

It therefore appears that once again we must limit the meaning of our terms. Undoubtedly, those who advocate freethought, or the right of free inquiry, do not, and cannot, maintain that such freedom consists in the unshackled liberty of each individual to go his own way at his own sole discretion, that, as Newman has it, a freeborn Briton has a right to think as he pleases,—and that it is better to go wrong at large, than right in any sort of intellectual harness:—to be left free to study nature, for example, according to the system of the Alchemists, Ptolemy, or Strabo, rather than in the light of modern chemistry, astronomy, or geography.

This, certainly, is not what the champions of Freethought wish to advocate, though from many of their utterances it might easily seem that their ideal of intellectual liberty, were really such absolute mental licence. What they really do mean—to come at length to our proper subject—is, I suppose, this: that every man should claim the right of seeking truth without bias, prepossession, or reserve, along any line of reasoning

whereby it can really be attained: that this cannot be if he start his investigation believing himself to be already possessed of the truth, which should be its term: and moreover that there is in fact only one mode of attaining truth, namely, that of Science,—by observation, experiment, and mathematical calculation. Thus interpreted,—and I do not apprehend that such a statement of its creed will be impugned—Freethought assumes a complexion differing considerably from what its name logically suggests, for this last article, the restriction of true knowledge to one line of search, introduces a new element having no necessary connection with the idea of freedom. Leaving this aside, however, for separate consideration presently, and confining ourselves to the radical notion of mental liberty, we shall be right, I think, in assuming as the fundamental principle of freethinkers, that intellectual freedom is impossible unless an inquirer starts with absolutely no convictions as to the objects of his inquiry, considering everything an open question, to be solved only by the arguments he may discover.

This system is of course antagonistic, and professedly so, to that of Christianity, and in particular of the Catholic Church, which will be accepted by all as the typical example of a principle directly opposed to it. A Catholic believes on faith, on the authority of the Church—in God; in the Incarnation, Death, and Resurrection of Christ; in the immortality of his own soul, and its future destiny; in the supernatural generally,—not because he has by philosophical, scientific, or historical investigation convinced himself on such points; but because he is so taught by a teacher whom he accepts as divine, and he can be a Catholic only on condition of such acceptance. To deny or deliberately to doubt any article of belief authoritatively enjoined, on the ground that his reason cannot certify its truth, is to cease to be a Catholic. Therefore, it is frequently argued, a Catholic cannot freely and fully exercise his reason in the field of either philosophy or science. He must, it is said, of necessity start every investigation with a fixed resolve that it shall have one issue and no other, and, consciously or unconsciously, loads his intellectual dice, and juggles with phrases or ideas, suppresses the true and suggests the false, so as to secure the predetermined result.

Grave and fundamental as such an objection may appear at first sight, very little reflection is required to show that in its

general expression, and as an abstract principle applied to no concrete instance, it is radically false and irrational. It takes for granted that the inquirer starts with a conviction which is *erroneous*, that he fancies himself in possession of knowledge which in reality he has not. In such a case, of course, being under the sway of ignorance and prejudice a man would be unable to exercise his reasoning powers aright. But if we suppose a quite conceivable case, in which he already knows the truth before he begins to examine a particular process of thought which leads to it, are we to say that he is therefore incapable of following up the steps of argument or demonstration as keenly and validly as any other? Manifestly not. True knowledge cannot possibly hamper or demoralize right reasoning, and the more assured one is of the truth of his opinion, as resting on solid grounds, the more should he insist upon rigorous and legitimate proofs, knowing that truth can never contradict truth, and that fallacious and erroneous methods of argument can alone prevent any valid line of reasoning from furnishing a fresh demonstration of what he already knows otherwise.

When we thus start under a new aspect, and from another point, the scrutiny of a truth of which we are already certain, we neither renounce our intellectual freedom, nor compromise the certitude of our convictions. It is only the character of our knowledge concerning it which is affected. Of this practical instances are furnished every day.

For example. We find in the Almanacks that on the 30th of August, 1905, there will be an eclipse of the sun, which will begin at a certain definite time, being total or partial, in different parts of the world, and will terminate at another hour. Of this it is impossible for us reasonably to doubt. Our knowledge of the eclipse is certain, but it is not scientific, for we have not acquired it for ourselves, and probably have but the vaguest notion, or none at all, of the mode in which such occurrences are calculated. We accept the prediction on faith, on the authority of the astronomers in whose competence and honesty we confide, who have worked out the reckonings for themselves, and for whom consequently the knowledge is scientific. We are thus fully possessed of the truth; but nothing whatever hinders us from examining for ourselves the evidence, whether theoretical or practical, and so making our knowledge not only sure but moreover scientific. We may,

if we are qualified so to do, make the calculations for ourselves, and prove by them that such an eclipse is inevitable. We may further observe and time its actual occurrence. We shall then have three modes in which the event is known to us, instead of one, but this does not mean either that we are more sure of it than we were in the first instance, or that this initial assurance has any tendency to impair our power of vision or our mathematical accuracy; just as we all know by experience that we can work a sum in arithmetic none the less freely and correctly because we are aware of the answer.

Or to take an instance of another kind. It is, I believe, on record that, some eighty years ago, certain persons seriously accused the great Duke of Wellington of a design to depose the reigning monarch, and make himself king; and they alleged that the unpopularity of the sovereign, and his own prestige as the conqueror of Napoleon, together with the devotion of the army to one who had so often led it to victory, would make success easy for him. But, save the small knot of its originators, no one could be got to take the charge seriously. The nation as a body remained unmoved, and did not even care to examine into the matter. Yet, in this case, they had not even any grounds for their assurance that could be stated in such a form as could possibly seem convincing as logical argument. It was their confidence in the Duke, in his high character, his delicate sense of honour, his devotion to duty, that made them feel, and rightly feel, that the accusation was too absurd for discussion. Yet the whole basis of this estimate, was but an impression, gathered from observation of his career, an impression of which probably they could give no coherent or intelligible account, but which nevertheless they recognized as overwhelmingly sufficient to refute the slander. And if any of them thought it worth more formal refutation, would they, because of the intensity of their conviction, be likely to shirk or blink any jot or tittle of evidence that could be adduced? On the contrary; just in proportion to their confidence, would they insist upon the fullest scrutiny, and feel that it would be treason to their hero not to court the most searching inquiry, which could, they knew, have only one result.

The whole question thus is seen to be whether the belief with which an inquirer starts be true or false; and unless we assume that it is false, we have no reason whatever for arguing that merely because he has such an initial belief, he is incapable

of arguing as soundly and correctly as any one else. We may evidently go farther, with special regard to the questions of supreme importance to every man with which we are concerned. Why should we, in deference to a fallacious prepossession, hoodwink *ourselves*, and become blind to the force of evidence which to others is clear as noonday? It would appear to be commonly taken for granted, that the one object of believers, when they approach such questions, is to refute and score against antagonists; that having, for some inscrutable motive, pledged themselves to a false and baseless system, they endeavour, in a spirit of mere partisanship, to make some sort of defence on its behalf, and can find no weapon to serve the purpose but mere and palpable sophistry. It seems quite to be forgotten that for each and all of us, in such examinations, the affair is first and foremost with his own soul. The truth of which we believe ourselves possessed concerns all that gives any real value to existence; it is literally for every individual a matter of life and death. Why should he be prone to delude himself in such a matter, and remain deaf to the warnings which reason continually shouts in his ear? Rather, it would seem, just on account of the greatness of his stake, he should be more sensitive than others to any symptom of insecurity in his position; as one who has committed all his fortune to a bank or investment is likely to be more than ordinarily quick to detect any signs of its being less sound than he thought it when he made his venture.

Like the assumption that Christians adopt their creed upon no reasonable grounds whatever, this other, that in adopting it they lose their common sense, is at the bottom of the free-thinking arguments with which we are all familiar—but it can hardly be said to be a favourable specimen of the modes of freethought.

Obviously, there is need of something better than assumptions, something more scientifically convincing; though, as I have said, in the vast multitude of instances it seems to be considered unnecessary to furnish anything more. It is, for example, a constant objection that Catholics accept their faith on authority, as if that settled the matter: as if authority could not possibly be a sound foundation for knowledge. This is of course manifestly and absurdly untrue. It is a mere platitude to observe that we all alike owe to authority by far the greatest portion of our knowledge. The whole of History necessarily

rests upon authority alone. So does for each of us by far the greatest part of Geography. The man who has never been to Pekin or Rio de Janeiro, is just as sure of their existence as the traveller who has visited both. Even in regard of scientific knowledge, of which we are so proud, and on the score of which we claim such superiority,—for the great mass of men it depends wholly on authority, as in the instance of the eclipse already mentioned; and even the most eminent specialists have to rely on the authority of others outside their own particular branch.

It is not authority then that is incompetent to furnish knowledge with any foundation more solid than a quicksand, but what pretends to be authority and is not. To say that belief on authority is of its very nature irrational, is to contradict common sense, and base argument upon a manifestly unreasonable principle. Of course the believer must be ready to show good grounds for his acceptance of the authority in which he puts his trust. The trustworthiness of authority is just as much a matter for rational argument and demonstration as anything else, and the fundamental point from which the Catholic starts is that reason establishes the genuine and trustworthy character of the authority to which he submits himself. "We believe," he says, "because the motives for believing appear to us more weighty than those for not believing—just as we perform good actions because the motives for these actions seem better than those for their opposites." Yet, is it not a cardinal point with the generality of the Church's antagonists that she stultifies herself by the very principle of authority? It seems never to be admitted even as a possibility that there can be any rational ground for such adoption.

And at the same time, a very large proportion of those who thus argue, act upon the very principle which they condemn. Usually, it is nothing which they can in any sense call their own in the way of knowledge that serves as the groundwork of their whole philosophy, but the supposed teachings of such leaders as Darwin and Herbert Spencer, or such a system as that which passes under the overworked name of Evolution, to which they swear allegiance; even though, as constantly happens, they have the vaguest possible idea, or no idea at all, as to what their authorities actually say, or what credentials they can furnish for their authority.

There is in fact nothing which so discredits so-called Free-

thought in our eyes, who do not call ourselves freethinkers, as to observe the extraordinary lack of precision and cogency which it exhibits in connection with our own beliefs. Over and over again freethinkers proclaim that we ground our faith on the absurd paradox which they attribute to Tertullian: *Credo quia impossibile est*—"I believe because the thing is impossible"—(which, by the way, is not what Tertullian said at all, but something quite different)—and then they proceed to make it abundantly manifest that even if they have got so far as to have a clear conception of the doctrines which they themselves favour, they have none whatever of those against which they continually declaim. Freedom thus to cast adrift from all logical restraints is not the kind of freedom we desire or appreciate.

Thus, however the question be approached, we arrive always at one conclusion, that the pivot upon which everything turns is *Truth*. Whatever, in any way, secures or facilitates our possession of truth, makes for our intellectual freedom,—for it is the truth that makes us free, and such possession can never hamper us in the smallest degree in the use of our reason. It is error alone that enslaves, whether it take the form of false principles, bad logic, or pseudo-authority.

And here no doubt we come to the heart of our subject. It will immediately be answered that however loosely and inexactly the terms "Freethought and Freethinker" be employed (in our newest and best dictionary, the latter is defined as "one who refuses to submit his reason to the control of authority in matters of religious belief")—the freedom implied in the terms is emancipation from *false* systems, and *false* authority, and from these alone. This, for example, is what Professor Karl Pearson tells us, who is probably a witness whom all free-thinkers will accept, and whose tone is usually temperate, as his scientific position is unquestioned. He writes :¹

The holding of a myth explanation of any problem whereon mankind has attained, or may hereafter attain, true knowledge, is what I term enslaved thought or *dogmatism*.

The rejection of all myth explanation, the reception of all ascertained truths with regard to the relation of the finite to the infinite, is what I term *free thought* or true religious knowledge.

Similarly—another leader of the School, W. Kingdon Clifford, declares that even should a believer believe sincerely, he has no

¹ *Ethics of Freethought*.

right to believe on the evidence before him, and succeeds in doing so only by abstaining from inquiry and stifling his doubts; and the freethinker is one who sifts all possible evidence, and looks all questions fairly in the face.¹

But such explanations—which might be indefinitely multiplied—do not greatly help us, or take us very far. They tell us no more than that their authors give the name of “free-thinking,” to what others call “common sense.” Nobody can possibly deny or question that we must reject myths, and believe only on sufficient evidence. The whole question is,—*Which* are the myths, and *which* the good evidence? and this, of necessity, is answered differently by every party or school of thought. If the freethinker declares that his opponent builds upon the fancies of men’s brains, and shuts his eyes to rational demonstrations of their inanity—the believer is no less convinced that the other’s scepticism is absurd and irrational, and that he is obstinately blind to obvious truth. The important point, is not what either party says as to its own position and that of its adversaries, but how it can substantiate what it says. How shall we determine which is right?

It is obviously quite out of the question to institute on the present occasion any full examination of the case presented upon both sides. Our subject is Freethought alone, and all that can be attempted within the allotted time, is to understand at least in outline the grounds upon which freethinkers, according to their own programme, so confidently base their assurance, that they have an absolute monopoly of argument, and that to be a Christian “a man must be either dull or dishonest.”

At the first step in such an inquiry, we find that there are freethinkers and freethinkers; that their fundamental principles differ very widely, and that those who are practically most in evidence, and whom the world in general takes to be the typical representatives of Freethought, are denounced by their intellectual chiefs as altogether hostile to its spirit. Popularly, Freethought is preached as meaning denial and denunciation of Christian doctrines, generally in the most bitter and offensive terms, as being opposed to science, enlightenment, and the dignity of man; and it is as thus understood that it gains such multitudes of adherents. But this, we are told by its most authoritative exponents, is all wrong, and nothing less than a mischievous error.

¹ *Ethics of Belief.*

The freethinker [says Karl Pearson] is not one who thinks things as he will, but one who thinks them as they must be. To become a freethinker it is not enough to throw off all forms of dogmatism. The true freethinker must be in possession of the highest knowledge of his day. . . . To reject Christianity, or to scoff at all concrete religion, by no means constitutes freethought, nay, is too often sheer dogmatism. The true freethinker must not only be aware of the points wherein he has truth, but must recognize the points wherein he is still ignorant. . . . To slur over such points with an assumed knowledge is the dogmatism of philosophy or the dogmatism of Science,—or rather of false philosophy or false Science,—just as dangerous as the dogmatism of a concrete religion.—You will see what a positive, creative task the freethinker has before him.

Similarly, Sir Leslie Stephen tells us :¹

Ignorant people it may be, see only the destructive side of rationalist teaching, and with their belief in the old sanctions, lose also their belief in the permanence of all morality, . . . or catching at the scientific jargon, they dress up new idols, whose worship in some cases is not less degrading than that of their predecessors.

And whereas Kingdon Clifford, backed in this instance by Karl Pearson himself, declares that natural theology, or belief in a God, is a quagmire—

An awful plague which has destroyed two civilizations and but barely failed to slay such promise of good as is now struggling to live amongst men—

Mr. John Morley tells us, on the other hand,² that, although the modern freethinker "explains" Christianity out of existence,

He traces it to men's cravings for a higher morality. He finds its source in their aspirations after nobler expression of that feeling for the incommensurable things which is under so many varieties of interwoven pattern the common universal web of religious faith.

And although such flowers of speech make the explanation considerably less lucid than might be desired, it is at least clear that, instead of a mire or a plague, he regards the highest form of Theism as the creation of our noblest and best instincts.

Manifestly, therefore, Freethought should not be negative only, but positive. It should not batter down other beliefs, but supplant them by providing mankind with something better.

When we inquire how this is to be done, the answer returned by the vast majority of freethinkers, is undoubtedly

¹ *Essays on Freethinking and Plain Speaking.*

² *On Compromise.*

that it must be by means of Science. As has already been observed, it is a fundamental principle, or rather *the* fundamental principle, explicitly or tacitly adopted by rationalists of every school, that through physical phenomena alone, which are subject to observation and experiment, can any real and solid knowledge be attained, and that all pretended knowledge, coming through any other channel, must necessarily be mere sophistry and delusion. Such is the explicit teaching of Hume, endorsed and approved by Professor Huxley, who bids us not to trouble ourselves with trying to discover anything concerning what lies beyond these limits, as, however important, we can never know anything concerning it.

But, in the name of Freethought itself, as we have heard it expounded, we are bound to inquire how the truth of this principle itself is demonstrated, for assuredly it cannot be called self-evident and axiomatic. According to its own showing, it should be taught by our experience of the external world, and it is hard to imagine how this can be done in any mode but one. It would manifestly be ridiculous to argue that nothing exists beyond the ken of our senses because these senses can perceive nothing; it would be like arguing that there are no colours imperceptible to the human eye, because we cannot see them, and no notes inaudible to the human ear, because we cannot hear them. But, if the forces with which physical science can deal are proved capable of accounting for themselves, and for all the phenomena they produce,—or if, at least, we find good reasons for supposing that one day they may prove to be capable,—there will then be no ground for postulating anything more, or for the introduction of a “miraculous” element in Nature, in the proper sense of the term,—that is to say, of a power transcending these physical forces.

In endeavouring to satisfy ourselves upon this crucial point, we must again remember that what concerns us at present is the intellectual position taken up by freethinkers in its regard. It would be obviously impossible on such an occasion as this to present with any adequacy the case for their opponents—a large and supremely important subject, which obviously requires to be treated apart. Yet this cannot be altogether omitted, if we would understand that which is ranged against it, but only so much of it shall be exhibited as seems necessary for our actual purpose.

We have, therefore, to inquire whether modern Science has

either revealed, in the physical forces with which she deals, powers sufficient to explain the phenomena we observe in Nature, or so progressed in that direction, as to persuade us that when her discoveries have advanced, as we may confidently anticipate they will, we shall be furnished with a complete scientific explanation of the Universe.

That such is the case, we are constantly assured, not only by popular "Scientists," but by some who can claim to reckon as genuine men of Science. It will be sufficient to cite the late Mr. Romanes, who although, as is well known, he before his death abandoned the rationalist creed, is yet an unexceptionable witness to the doctrines he previously held. He tells us, that all minds with any instincts of Science in their composition, have come to regard it as an *à priori* truth, or first principle, that all natural phenomena are fully accounted for by "natural causation," that is to say, by the laws which Science can experimentally verify; that nearly the whole field of explanation is occupied by naturalism; and that there remain comparatively few cases "where Science has not been able to explore the more obscure regions of causation."

Were such a statement justified, Naturalism, that is, a materialistic conception of the Universe, might undoubtedly claim to hold the field, and those who stickle for something more than mechanical forces as an intellectual necessity, might reasonably be charged with making assumptions for which there is no warrant. But is the statement justified? On the contrary, it is absolutely contradicted by scientific men no less eminent than Mr. Romanes himself. Our knowledge of Nature, Professor Huxley tells us, is to our ignorance, as a tiny islet, to the ocean in which it is set. Still more explicitly, the distinguished Director of our National Museum of Natural History, Professor Ray Lankester, declares that only by unduly magnifying the "extremely limited results of Science," can any one pretend that she has shed, or can shed, any light whatever upon the fundamental problems which a study of Nature inevitably suggests. Science, he tells us, has indeed been able to trace the main features and many details of the network of mechanism which in all her parts Nature exhibits.

But no sane man has ever pretended, since Science became a definite body of doctrine, that we know, or ever can hope to know, or conceive of the possibility of knowing, whence this mechanism has

come, why it is there, whither it is going, and what there may be, or may not be, beyond and beside it, which our senses are incapable of appreciating. These things are not "explained" by Science, and never can be.

But, more than this. Far from it being true, as Mr. Romanes says, that the cases are comparatively few in which Science has been unable to explore the regions of causation, it is a patent fact that in no single instance has she discovered what can truly be termed a "cause" at all; for none with which she deals can account for itself and its own operations, and each requires some other cause to explain it.

Science in fact knows nothing whatever concerning the elements themselves upon which she has to work. The all-pervading and all-embracing Law of Gravitation, for instance, upon which she so confidently reckons—what is it? Sir John Herschel termed it "the mystery of mysteries," as profound a mystery as the Trinity. Faraday went farther and pronounced it an evident paradox. So, too, Matter, Force, Motion, Space, Time, Ether: Chemical reaction, Electricity, Magnetism, Heat, and above all, Life, what are the realities for which these terms stand? We are absolutely ignorant. From experience we learn that the phenomena which we attribute to such agents are subject to "law," that in similar circumstances the same force will produce the same effect,—and this principle is the fundamental basis of physical Science;—but *how* or *why* it does so passes the wit of man even to imagine. The fact that rivers always run downhill, or that the tide at certain intervals runs up, though both phenomena witness to the same law of gravitation—tells us nothing as to its nature. And familiar as is the experience that eggs hatch into chickens, it remains true, as Professor Huxley confesses, that the evolution of each individual chicken is as inexplicable by us as that of the universe.

It is even more worthy of remark that we are equally in the dark as to our own most vital operations,—those in particular to which we owe all our knowledge. To say nothing of the operations of our mind, what can Science tell us concerning hearing and sight? Sound is conveyed to the tympanum of the ear by undulations of the atmosphere, and light to the retina of the eye, by undulations of the Ether. But what then happens, to translate sound into hearing, or light into sight, is a mystery absolutely dark. The chasm, says Professor Tyndall, "is intellectually impassable."

Still more impossible, if that can be, is it to account for a phenomenon, which, just because it is of supreme and paramount importance, must be but briefly considered, or its treatment would inevitably exceed our possible limits. As a plain matter of fact, men agree that there is a distinction between good and evil, right and wrong, and that the difference is absolute. No man could possibly venture to say that cruelty, injustice, and intemperance could be otherwise than bad, or benevolence, generosity, and fortitude otherwise than right, though all the autocrats and all the parliaments of the world should decree the contrary. This is a phenomenon that like others requires to be explained, and even less than others does it find an explanation in any known or conceivable action of gravitation, electricity, or chemical affinities.

Such, undeniably, is the state of the case. So far as any ultimate philosophy is concerned, Science knows nothing about anything, and if by "miraculous" we understand what transcends the forces that come within her scope, we must acknowledge with Pasteur that even as to the operations which she is able to follow, "everything is a miracle."

To the same effect, is the acknowledgment of the great champion of Freethought, Professor Karl Pearson.

Were I to tell you [he says] that certain forces were inherent in matter, that these forces sufficed to explain everything, . . . and not say every now and then, Here we are really ignorant . . . I should be no true scientist; it would be the dogmatism of false science, every bit as dangerous as that religious dogmatism which would explain all things by the existence of a personal god or a triune deity.

This being so, what is the attitude, on the one hand of freethinkers, on the other, of the opponents whom they represent as stifling reason and listening only to unscientific prejudice?

To consider first that of the latter.—Everything, they argue, which begins to be, must have a cause, and a cause capable of producing it. This principle furnishes the sure foundation which alone makes Science possible. Only because she can learn of causes from their effects, is she able to trace the course and the laws of Nature. Therefore, like everything else, such phenomena as life, sensation, consciousness, reason, our perception of beauty, truth, and goodness,—must have a cause, a cause to which their origin is due, and which ever

operates for their conservation. The physical forces known to Science, are manifestly incapable of producing any such results, and especially as Science knows them; for it is also one of her fundamental principles, no less necessary than the former to her success, that the physical forces are absolutely determinate in their operation, so that she is able with supreme confidence to forecast their effects, knowing by unvaried experience that in the same circumstances they will produce precisely the same results. Her scrutiny of the material universe has not only disclosed to our wondering intelligence many unsuspected marvels therein exhibited, but of necessity, just because it has discovered so much, has demonstrated more plainly than ever, that there is a frontier which physical forces cannot cross, and a region beyond it where they are impotent. Therefore, say such non-freethinking philosophers, our reason compels us to recognize another Power, inscrutable to the methods of physical Science, but no less obvious in its manifestation than the sun in the heavens, as heathen philosophers like Cicero declared. And so they argue, with Bolingbroke, that as there must have been something from eternity, because there is something now, so there must have been intelligence from eternity because there is intelligence now, since neither can non-entity produce entity, nor non-intelligence produce intelligence.

Such, briefly and summarily, is the line of argument which leads to what Professor Pearson and Mr. Clifford style the quagmire of Natural Theology, to belief in an eternal, self-existent and intelligent First Cause, that is, God.

This belief it is against which the freethinker protests, as necessarily destitute of any reasonable basis. Should the believer in aught beyond sense chance to be right, his belief, we are assured, would still be inexcusable, for he has no solid grounds for believing. "Why," asks Professor Huxley, "trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we know nothing, and can know nothing?"

The great danger [says Karl Pearson] of most existing systems lies in this—that not content with our real knowledge . . . they slur over our vast ignorance by the help of the imagination.

It is of course perfectly obvious that if the Theistic line of reasoning is truly destitute of any rational basis, and depends wholly upon mere phantoms of the imagination, common-sense bids us reject it, and freethinkers are abundantly justified in

so doing. But this cannot be proved merely by taking it for granted. Those who wish in the name of freethought to sweep away the alleged foundations of religion, must either be ready to demonstrate that these are wholly illusory, or must furnish another philosophy of the Universe, appealing so clearly to reason as to put its rival out of court.

The contention that the principle of Theism can be refuted either upon *à priori* grounds, or from the data of Science, need not detain us; for this notion is sternly repudiated by such men as Huxley and Kingdon Clifford. Huxley plainly tells us that the *à priori* arguments to this effect are worthless, and that Science, so far from adding anything to the anti-Theistic argument, "effectually closes the mouths of those who would refute Theism from physical data." Professor Clifford "fully admits" that Theism is in itself "a reasonable hypothesis and an explanation of the facts." We are therefore left to consider the various modes by which eminent freethinkers undertake to explain the facts of the Universe, without the intervention of a supra-sensible First Cause.

Professor Haeckel solves the problem by declaring that the atoms of which the Universe is ultimately composed, are endowed with intelligence and will, and that they have thus been able to evolve all things: while he vehemently denies that there is any such soul in man. On this it will be sufficient to cite the review of his latest work in our leading scientific journal, *Nature*.

It seems to us six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, whether we recognize soul at the top or at the bottom. In Aristotelian language, there is nothing in the end which was not also in the beginning; in plain English, we put into the beginning what we know to be in the end.

In other words, in order to deny the existence of soul, where our experience recognizes it, Haeckel assumes its existence in matter, where all experience proclaims its non-existence.

The system of Professor Tyndall is not very different. He "discerns in matter the promise and potentiality of all terrestrial life," and holds that human intellect and genius in all their shapes are "potential in the fires of the Sun." This belief he claims to reach by means of the imagination, scientifically used. How this works, may be understood by a signal instance.

Amongst the problems which confront us in Nature, none

obtrudes itself more imperiously upon notice than the Origin of life. According to all human experience, life can be derived only from a living parent ;—the production of life from lifeless matter, by spontaneous generation, is not only unknown to Science, but all her observations and experiments show it to be impossible in the actual world, whereof alone has she any knowledge, and this no one has done more to establish than Professor Tyndall himself. But, unless matter was once capable of such spontaneous production, it is clear that some other power, unknown to Science, must have intervened, and since he assumes that there can be no such power, Tyndall considers himself justified in concluding, that the conditions of the world were formerly so utterly different from those we know, as to confer upon matter capabilities which all our knowledge contradicts. As he himself declares, believing in the continuity of nature,—that is in the materialistic continuity of all her operations—he cannot stop where scientific methods cease to be of use. “Here the vision of the mind authoritatively supplements the vision of the eye”—and accordingly “by a necessity engendered and justified by Science,” he crosses the boundary of experimental evidence, and discovers beyond it what, in accordance with his assumed principle, must be found. The basis of his argument is that categorically enunciated by Virchow.

If I will not believe that there is a Creator, I must have recourse to spontaneous generation. There is no third alternative.

According to Huxley, the fundamental principle of Evolution is that the whole world, living and not living, is the result of the interaction according to definite laws of the forces possessed by the molecules of which the primitive nebulosity of the universe was composed, and that all which has since been produced necessarily followed from the mechanical structure of this infinitely complex machine. But—even supposing this to be so—is it not evident that we have here no more explanation of the Universe, than we have of an oak-tree from the fact that it springs from an acorn? An acorn is no whit less wonderful than the most giant oak, and is equally beyond the power of Science to explain ; and no less than the Universe itself, would the marvellous germ, from which we are told that it proceeded, postulate a Cause, and one as to which Science as such has no conjecture to offer.

So again, Professor Weismann affords an illustration in connection with another principle with which we are all familiar, that of Natural Selection. Here I must endeavour to guard against a misconception which is only too common. If I cannot believe in the Darwinian theory as commonly accepted, it is purely on scientific grounds, because, as seems to me, the evidence is all against it. I have no antecedent quarrel with it, and am ready to accept it at once, if it can only be shown to explain the facts. There can be no philosophical or theological objection to it which I can imagine. Mr. Darwin's hypothesis has nothing to do with the ultimate origin of anything,—neither of matter, nor of life, nor even of species. Things must exist before they can be selected, and no one more explicitly taught than Mr. Darwin himself that his system could work only for the improvement and development of what was actually in being. Nevertheless, this famous system is almost universally adduced as furnishing a mechanical explanation of organic nature, and thus considering it, Professor Weismann argues that we have no choice but to adopt it.

We accept Natural Selection [he says], not because we are able to demonstrate the process in detail, nor even because we can with more or less ease imagine it, but simply because we must—because it is the only possible explanation we can conceive. We must assume Natural Selection because all other apparent principles of explanation fail us, and it is inconceivable that there could be yet another capable of explaining the adaptation of organisms, without assuming the help of a principle of design.

So, as the late Lord Salisbury observed in his well-known Oxford address, a great philosopher uses the principle of design as a *reductio ad absurdum*, and prefers to believe that which cannot be demonstrated in detail nor even imagined, rather than run the slightest risk of such a heresy.

These are but samples of the modes of reasoning employed against those who mount from Nature up to Nature's God. They are not even in themselves the most instructive, for I have said nothing of the moral question, of the eternal distinction between good and evil, of the canons of beauty and truth which we all must recognize as absolute. I have not attempted the task, impossible on such an occasion, of threshing out the whole case for Natural Theology, nor even the line of argument in which I have sought my illustrations, as being

that in which I can find examples that can be briefly and satisfactorily set forth. My business is with Freethought, its system and its methods, and I venture to think this at least to be plain,—that freethinkers such as those to whom we have listened, commit themselves precisely to that fundamental false principle, which we have heard charged as fatal against their antagonists. They start with that as an assumption, which, by all rules of right reason, should be their conclusion. Taking for granted to begin with that all things must be capable of a material and mechanical explanation, they set aside whatever is inconsistent with such explanation, arguing, at least implicitly, that all must be false which is not in accord with their prepossession.

How, we must ask, can thought thus trammelled be called "Free"?

J. G.

The Guiana Forest before Charles Waterton.

"A NARRATIVE of Five Years' Expedition against the Revolted Negroes of Surinam in Guiana, on the Wild Coast of South America, from the year 1772 to 1777, elucidating the History of that Country and describing its Productions . . . with an Account of the Indians of Guiana and the Negroes of Guinea. By Captain J. G. Stedman."

Such is the title of the book we wish to draw attention to. It was published in 1796 by subscription; and, though as a military history somewhat inglorious, in other respects it is highly interesting, recording as it does the impressions of an intelligent observer who vouches for nothing but what he saw with his own eyes.

Stedman was a very fair draughtsman, and his two large quarto volumes are adorned with numerous engravings made from his own sketches of all kinds of animals and other interesting objects. Since his time, however, the writings of Waterton, Im Thünn, and others, have made us so familiar with this part of the world, that our author's natural history has nothing new to teach us. It is therefore mainly as a personal narrative of pluck and endurance that the book enlists our sympathy.

John Gabriel Stedman was a Scotchman. He describes himself as a lieutenant in the Hon. General John Stuart's regiment, one of the three which formed the Scotch brigade in the pay of Holland. A volunteer corps having been formed in 1772 for the reduction of the revolted slaves in Surinam, he joined it with the brevet rank of captain, under the command of Colonel Fourgeond, a Swiss, who was appointed commander-in-chief. They reached their destination on February 1st, 1773.

The first object Stedman noticed on landing was a young female slave, showing the marks of the whip and with a heavy weight chained to her ankle, a sample of what he was to meet with at every turn during the next five years; for the Dutch

seem to have been exceptionally cruel masters. Our worthy Captain was remarkably outspoken, and on one occasion, when dining with Mr. Lolkens to whom he had brought letters of introduction and who was from the first his steady friend, he saw the son of his host, a boy of ten, slap the face of a grey-headed black woman

who by accident touched his powdered hair as she was serving a dish of Kerry. I could not help blaming his father [he says] for overlooking the action, who told me with a smile that the child should no longer offend me, as he was next day to sail for Holland for education; to which I answered that I thought it almost too late.

The brutal, low-class overseers were his special horror, and he often interfered between them and their victims, on one occasion with no better result than to see the punishment doubled. He records many terrible instances of their heartless cruelty.

An overseer had escaped from the rebels through the courage of a negro boy, who, getting him to lie down flat in a canoe, leaped himself into the water, where swimming with one hand and guiding the canoe with the other, he ferried his master safe over the Patamaca Creek through a shower of bullets. For this he was rewarded the week after with three hundred lashes for forgetting to open one of the sluices.

During one of the Captain's short visits to Paramaribo, the capital, no fewer than nine negroes had a leg cut off for running away from their masters. This sentence, part of the common law of the land, was carried out by the hospital surgeon, whose fee was about £6 a limb. An arm was the forfeit for offering to strike a white man. These maimed negroes were frequently met with, being employed in the boats and barges of their masters.

He calculated that out of the 75,000 slaves in Surinam in his time, not 50,000 were really fit for labour; that in spite of their being so prolific a race, the deaths exceeded the births by 2,500 per annum, the number annually imported tallying with this figure; and that consequently the whole labouring negro population became extinct in the space of twenty years.

With some masters [he says] their task can never be performed, as they must toil on day and night, even Sundays not excepted. I recollect a strong young negro named Marquis, who had a wife he loved with two fine children. He laboured hard, and generally finished

his task of digging a trench of five hundred feet by four o'clock in the afternoon, that he might have some time to cultivate his little garden and go to fish or fowl to support his beloved family. His humane master, apprized of his industry, decided that if he could delve five hundred feet by four o'clock, he could certainly finish six hundred before sunset; and this task the unfortunate young man was condemned from that day ever since to perform.

Incredible as it may appear, the most shocking cruelties seem to have been often committed by women. Of one such virago, another of whose crimes Stedman had witnessed with his own eyes, he heard the following terrible story: While this lady was going to her estate in a tent-barge, an infant in its mother's arms at the bow of the boat began to cry and could not be hushed. The mistress, feeling annoyed, ordered the mother to bring it aft and deliver it into her hands. Then before the eyes of the distracted parent she thrust it out at one of the tilt windows, held it under water till it was drowned, and then let it go. The poor mother at once leapt overboard to recover her child, but by her mistress's orders she was overtaken and received three or four hundred lashes for giving so much trouble. But enough of this sickening subject.

It is a relief to know that there were some planters who treated their slaves in a very different fashion, making them so happy that they had been known to refuse the offer of freedom. Among these our author makes honourable mention of "Thomas Palmer, Esq., late King's Counsellor at Massachusetts Bay," who owned an estate happily christened Fairfield. Before Stedman left Surinam "the famous negro, Gramman (*i.e.*, Greatman) Qwacy," who had earned his freedom and gone to Holland to lay the condition of his afflicted people before the Prince of Orange, returned with the good tidings that a new law had been enacted, by which all slaves were to be free six months, or at most twelve, after landing at the Texel; though it is not quite clear how they were to get there, as they seem to have been imported straight from the coast of Africa.

We may now turn to the history of the campaign. The expeditionary force to be employed against the revolted negroes comprised Colonel Fourgeond's marines, a local corps known as the Society Troops, and a company of black rangers, the latter proving themselves specially serviceable. Their achievements consisted chiefly in the burning of villages and provision grounds, very few of the rebels being caught or killed; yet, as

they were ultimately forced to take refuge in Cayenne, the object of the expedition was attained. At the same time the sufferings of the troops during their wanderings in the forest were prodigious, the greater number of the white men either perishing or being sent home invalided. But we are most concerned with the part played by our friend Captain Stedman, which he narrates with charming simplicity.

He was at first put in command of two armed barges carrying sixty-five men all told, with orders to cruise up and down the Rio Cottica and to act in concert with the Society troops stationed on its banks. The mosquitoes in some parts of this river were so thick, that Stedman declares he once killed as many as thirty-eight at a blow by clapping his hands together. On the advice of an old negro boat-hand he now began to bathe several times a day, taking good care when in the water to be always in motion, out of respect for the alligators, and at the same time to go barefoot, wearing nothing but shirt and trowsers, a practice to which he attributes his comparative freedom from sickness throughout the campaign. At last, however, with nearly all his men sick around him, he himself was attacked by fever. This state of things was due in great measure to Colonel Fourceond's absurd fad as to the surpassing excellence of salted food, if not for himself, at any rate for his men. Nothing else was supplied, and, as a consequence, every kind of disease was prevalent. Stedman, between the fits of his fever, shot a couple of black monkeys to make broth for his men, and his kindness of heart appears in the account he gives of the death of one of his victims :

The miserable animal was not dead, but mortally wounded. I seized him by the tail and, taking it in both my hands, to end his torment I swung him round and hit his head against the side of the canoe ; but the poor creature still continued alive, and looked at me in the most affecting manner that can be conceived. I knew no other means to end this murder than to hold him under water till he was drowned, while my heart felt sick on his account ; for his dying little eyes still continued to follow me with seeming reproach till their light gradually forsook them and the wretched animal expired. I felt so much on this occasion that I could neither taste of him nor his companion when they were dressed, though I saw that they afforded to some others a delicious repast.

He presently takes part in the shooting of an Aboma snake, a kind of boa-constrictor known in British Guiana as the

camoudi. This one he describes as amphibious ; so it was evidently the water camoudi. "All the negroes declared it to be a young one come to about half its growth." But they must have been hoaxing the Captain ; for it measured over twenty-two feet, and its skin went round the waist of his boy Quaco, then twelve years old.¹ The first shot went through its body,

When the animal struck round, and with such astonishing force as to cut away all the underwood around him with the facility of a scythe mowing grass, and by flouncing his tail caused the mud and dirt to fly over our heads to a considerable distance. Of this proceeding, however, we were not torpid spectators, but took to our heels and crowded into the canoe.

A second attempt was made with the same result. The third time the snake was shot through the head. It was then tied with a rope and towed behind the canoe. On landing they set to work to skin it, hauling it up by the neck to the branch of a tree ; but even when skinned it showed signs of life, and an old negro assured the Captain that it would not die till after sunset.

As Stedman's fever continued he was ultimately recalled to Paramaribo ; but by the time Colonel Fourgeond was ready to start in person for the interior he was well enough to follow him, when, a dispute arising as to the fitness of the boat provided for him, he was waited on by four American captains then in port, who insisted on putting one of their own boats at his service, manned by sailors from each of their vessels.

I can aver [he says] that, notwithstanding the threatened rupture between Great Britain and her Colonies which seemed then on the eve of breaking out into open violence, nothing could surpass the warm and cordial friendship which these gentlemen possessed, not only for me, but for every individual that bore a British name or had any connection with that island ; professing that they still retained the greatest regard for everything in Britain but its administration.

Fourgeond was a brave man but a harsh and ruthless commander, with not an atom of consideration for his men. His one object seems to have been to make money out of them, by diverting their pay and furnishing them with bad and insufficient supplies. He heartily disliked Stedman, and for the first three

¹ Yet he speaks elsewhere of another, computed by Fourgeond to be between thirty and forty feet long, over which almost a whole detachment of eighty marines marching in Indian file had stepped before it began to move, when the remaining marines found it prudent to make a detour.

years was very unjust and cruel to him, though his unkindness was repaid with many acts of singular generosity, which seem at last to have softened his heart.

At this time, however, a quarrel arose which resulted in a duel between Stedman and a certain Captain Meyland, a friend and countryman of the Colonel. This gentleman had grossly insulted Stedman, who resolved to bring him to his senses ; so, as his own sabre was broken, he borrowed that of a sick soldier and went in quest of Meyland.

I found him [he tells us] contentedly smoking his pipe by the water-side, looking at one of his friends who was angling. Having tapped him on the shoulder I hastily told him before the other that if he did not fight me that instant like a gentleman I was determined to take revenge another way with the flat of my sabre where he stood. He at first declared that he had only meant a joke and seemed for peace ; but perceiving that I persisted, he with great *sang froid* knocked the tobacco ashes from his pipe against the heel of his shoe. Then, having brought his sabre, we walked together, without seconds, about half a mile into the wood. Here I stopped the Captain short, and drawing my weapon desired him to stand on his defence. This he did, but at the same time observed that as the point of his sword was broken off we were unequally armed ; and so indeed we were, his being still near one foot longer than my own. Therefore calling to him that sabres were not made to thrust but to cut with I offered to make an exchange ; but, he refusing, I dropped mine on the ground, and eagerly with both hands endeavoured to wrest his from him, till, as I had hold of it by the blade, I saw the blood trickle down all my fingers, and I was obliged to let go. I now grasped my own sabre, with which I struck at him many times, but without the least effect, as he parried every blow with the utmost facility. At last, with all his force, he made a cut at my head, which being conscious I could not ward off by my skill, I bowed under it, and at the same instant, striking sideways for his throat, had the good fortune to make a gash in the thick part of his right arm, at least six inches long, the two lips of which appeared through his blue jacket, and in consequence of which his right hand came down dangling by his side. I had, however, not escaped entirely unhurt ; for his sabre, having passed through my hat without touching my skull, had glanced to my right shoulder and cut it about one inch deep. At this time I insisted on his asking my pardon, or on firing both our pistols left-handed ; but he chose the first, which ended the battle.

Two more challenges followed, but ended without bloodshed, both of the gentlemen acknowledging their error ; and Stedman became the favourite of the camp.

This raid into the forest was accompanied by fearful priva-

tions to all who took part in it, many of the men suffering among other things from rupture caused by climbing over the roots of trees.

We at last arrived [says our author] at La Rochelle in Patamaca, such a display of meagre, starved, black, burnt and ragged tatterdemalions, and mostly without shoes or hats, as I think were never before beheld in any country.

Shortly after this Stedman was put in command of a station called Hope, on the upper reaches of the Rio Comewina, where he was joined by his wife, and was for the time being perfectly happy, taking no part in the next foray. On January 30, 1775, a fresh supply of troops arrived from Holland, and Captain Stedman, being then in Paramaribo, piloted them up the rivers, a shipload of invalids being at the same time sent home.

While Fourgeond set out on his fifth raid Stedman was left in command at Magdeberg, and on the Colonel's return was asked by that worthy to paint his portrait. This was to be engraved at the expense of the town of Amsterdam,

where he now thought himself as great a man as the Duke of Cumberland was in England after the battle of Culloden.

While the portrait was being painted

the whole mountain was suddenly shook by a tremendous clap of thunder, while the lightning actually scorched the Colonel's forehead, and, what is very curious, broke all the eggs under a hen that was sitting in a corner of the room where we were engaged.

From Magdeberg, in spite of his earnest entreaties to be employed on active service he was sent back to Hope, which had now become a perfect charnel house.

However [he writes cheerfully], I hitherto escaped by the strength of my constitution and good spirits, which I determined by every possible means to keep from depression, by laughing, whistling, singing and (God forgive me!) sometimes swearing, while all the rest were sighing, bewailing, and dying around me.

Yet at this very time the brave fellow was suffering from an injury to his foot caused by striking it against a rock in the water. So bad was it that he was threatened with amputation, and was forced to remain behind when Fourgeond started again in pursuit of the rebels.

A burning fever ensued, and it was with great difficulty that he reached Paramaribo. There his wife's devoted nursing pulled him through, so that he was able to take part in the next raid.

Intense sufferings and very partial success were, as usual, the only results achieved. Fourgeond himself, man of iron that he was, succumbed this time, and had to be taken back to the capital. As for Stedman :

I was almost naked [he writes] as well as starved, with a running ulcer in my foot. . . . To complete my misery, the little blood I had remaining was in two successive nights again nearly sucked away by the vampire-bat or spectre.

In this state he was allowed to follow his chief. Seven hundred negroes were now employed to cut a path round the whole colony. This it was proposed to guard at intervals with pickets of soldiers for the defence of the estates and the prevention of desertion.

In the course of the seventh and last expedition Stedman nearly lost his life in an attempt to save a marine who had been seized by an alligator.

The campaign was now drawing to an end, and while all his comrades were rejoicing at the thought of turning their backs on a country where they had suffered so much, Stedman alone was sad at heart, for the gallant captain had had his love affair, and a very pathetic one in its way.

Shortly after his arrival in Surinam he had formed an ardent attachment for a young mulatto named Joanna. Her father was a Dutch gentleman, but her mother, being a slave, Joanna and her brothers and sisters were by slave-law the property of the estate on which they were born. Their father did his best to purchase their liberty, but his offers were refused, and the poor man went out of his mind and died of grief.

Captain Stedman, like an honest fellow as he was, married the girl, hoping later on to purchase her, and she made him a devoted wife.

Her owner—Stedman looks on it as a just judgment—was ruined and had to fly the colony, his estate going into liquidation. Joanna was sold to a new master residing in Holland, and to him Stedman applied for the freedom of his wife. After a long delay news reached him that this gentleman was dead, and that Joanna had once more passed into other hands. Meantime she had borne him a son, and he was heart-broken at the thought that both mother and child were slaves and might remain so for ever.

Two hundred pounds was the price ultimately demanded for the purchase of the two, a sum at that time quite beyond

his means; but at this juncture a good friend, by name Mrs. Godefroy, came to the rescue with an offer of the whole sum. Wonderful to say, however, Joanna would not consent to this arrangement, and insisted on being mortgaged to Mrs. Godefroy till every farthing should be paid. To this the kind-hearted lady unwillingly agreed and, accepting her not as a slave but as a companion, built a house for her in her own grounds, and continued to provide for mother and child till Joanna's untimely death, which took place before the debt could be cleared off.

As for her boy Johnny, Stedman, through the good offices of the Governor who had always been his friend, managed to secure his manumission before sailing for Holland. He made an attempt also to get him baptized, and his indignation at its failure is highly creditable to him; for it must be remembered that he was leaving the child in Christian hands.

I made it my business [he tells us] with Captain Small to wait on the Reverend Mr. Snyderhans, according to appointment; but he, to our great surprise, peremptorily refused to christen the boy, alleging for his reason that, as I was going to Holland, I could not answer for his Christian education. We replied that he was under two very proper guardians. The blacksmith's son (for such was this divine) persisted and we remonstrated, but to no purpose; for he was just as deaf as his father's anvil and, I believe upon my soul, quite as empty as his bellows. Till at length wearied out with his fanatical impertinence I swore that I would sooner see the boy die a heathen than christened by such a blockhead.

After Joanna's death Johnny was sent home to his father, and entering the Royal Navy became a great favourite with his officers and messmates; but after serving as a midshipman against the Spaniards on board the *Southampton* and the *Lizard* perished at sea off the coast of Jamaica.

On his arrival in Holland Stedman hastened to cut his connection with Fourgeond's regiment, returning to his old one with the rank of major. He was offered the position of Lieutenant Governor of Berbice, but refused it, and when the Scotch Brigade was naturalized in order to be employed in the war against England he, along with most of his fellow-officers, objecting to fight against his own country, resigned his commission and, returning to England, was put on half-pay with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

C. W. BARRAUD.

The Battle of the Schools in Belgium.

(1879—1884.)

II.

THE ORGANIZATION OF FREE CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

THE time had now arrived for action. The opposition hitherto offered to the *Loi de malheur* had been to a great extent political. Deeds must now take the place of words, and instead of petitions, manifestos and the like, definite steps must be taken to counteract State education.

It is to their lasting honour that, at this critical juncture, Belgian Catholics accurately gauged the extent of their obligations, and faced them without flinching.

It was not enough simply to persevere in protesting against godless teaching. Doubtless it might be thought that resistance, if it should become general throughout the country, would compel the Government to tolerate, to a certain extent and for a certain time, the continuation of the old programmes of teaching, and even of the denominational character of the primary schools.

But the probability of these conciliatory measures, far from being favourable to the Catholics, was precisely the rock on which, unless great care were exercised, their cause would be shipwrecked. It was to be feared that, at the price of a few temporary concessions, Liberalism would gradually disarm suspicion and insensibly familiarize the people with the new schools.

After all it is by the opposition of school to school and of teaching to teaching that an existing system of education is to be combated. The only actual means of counteracting the influence of the State schools was to open free Catholic schools in every commune to compete with them. In opposition to the teachers from the normal schools, the budget and educational system of the State, it was necessary to provide teachers

devoted to the Church, religious normal schools, a fund supported by the *voluntary* gifts of the faithful, and an organization depending entirely on Christian families and on the clergy.

But how great was the difficulty to be overcome! The public schools which owed their existence to the enterprise of the people in every part of the country, and in great measure to Catholic initiative, were now at the service of the Government. To complete the organization of its schools all over the country, the State was prepared to draw freely both on the public revenue and on the funds of the communes. Besides, it was less than three months to the end of the holidays—it was July, 1879—yet, by the re-opening of schools in October, all must be ready to begin the struggle against an adversary so powerful, so wealthy, so well-armed. Three months in which to collect millions of francs and thousands of teachers, to plant new schools all over Belgium, and to thoroughly organize a scheme of education of which only the framework and rudiments then existed!

The Belgian Catholics did not recoil from this enterprise. They believed that when the Faith is in peril, Christians ought not to shrink from any sacrifice, or any trial, necessary to safeguard it. They resolved therefore to protect the religious instruction of the people from further attacks, by creating, under the *ægis* of the common law, a system of education which would afford them complete security, and which would depend on them alone. This was the plan of action, resolved on immediately after the vote of the *Loi de malheur*, and continued to the end of that struggle, the stirring events of which we are now about to relate.

The Liberals had attacked the Church by their education law; the heads of the Church undertook the task of directing resistance to that law, and of organizing a scheme of Catholic education. It was at once their right and their duty, and the Bishops were not found wanting.

On two occasions already—in December 1878, and February 1879—they had energetically protested against the educational scheme of the Government in letters which they addressed collectively to the faithful of their dioceses. On June the 12th, 1879, that is, on the evening of the very day on which the Education Bill was carried in the Senate, they issued another pastoral letter which reiterated in still more forcible and precise terms the condemnation already formulated against the atheistic schools.

No one [said the Bishops] can conscientiously attend these schools; consequently no parents can conscientiously send their children to a public school under the control of the law, if there is a Catholic school in the locality, or if they can in any other way provide for their education. . . . Since heads of families cannot conscientiously send their children to such schools, it is not permissible to any Catholic voluntarily to contribute towards their maintenance, or to aid in any way in the execution of the law. Consequently Catholics are not allowed to accept educational posts under Government.

Finally, on September 1st the Bishops addressed to their clergy under the title of *Practical Instructions for the use of Confessors*, a statement which summed up all their previous letters, and was accepted as a formal interdict pronounced against the teaching of the State.¹

Priests, said the *Instructions* in substance, shall not give religious teaching in the places set apart for them in the schools. They shall avail themselves of the pulpit, of pastoral visits, and of private intercourse in order to dissuade the faithful from any participation in "neutral" (undenominational) instruction. Under pain of a grievous neglect of duty each *cure* shall make every effort to obtain a Catholic school in his parish.

Parents were forbidden to send their children to the public schools; teachers and inspectors, under pain of grievous sin and refusal of absolution, must no longer accept employment in them.

Certain cases which allowed of dispensation were however foreseen: thus the schoolmaster who was on the point of obtaining his pension, or one who was obliged to teach a little longer in order to escape military service, could be authorized by his parish priest to remain for a short time at his post, but he was obliged to pledge himself to follow implicitly the course of instruction prescribed by the ecclesiastical authorities and to absolutely refuse to teach the Catechism.

This last point admitted of no dispensation, neither did the cases of official inspectors, or of attendance at public schools.

This pronouncement of the Bishops made a profound impression on the whole nation; their *Instructions* were carried out to the letter in every diocese, and obtained an immense publicity; they were propagated from all the pulpits,

¹ These *Instructions*, which were at first intended to be kept private, were communicated to the Catholic Press at the end of September, 1879.

and by the entire Catholic press. Several hundred thousand copies were printed and distributed; every family was thus provided with an easy means of becoming acquainted with the obligations they imposed.

The clergy, in obedience to the mandate of their Bishops, unanimously declined the invitation given them to impart religious instruction in the public schools. Deans and *curés* alike, in conveying their refusals to the communal administrations, fully explained their reasons, and generally added a formal protest against religious instruction being given by the school-master, or any other person, unless they were delegated by the clergy. By the end of September all the Belgian priests had made their profession of faith on the subject of the new scholastic *régime*, and it was known to the Government that not only would the clergy refuse to co-operate with the State schools, but that they would unceasingly oppose them.

The laity, for their part, had applied themselves to the work of organizing instruction, obtaining teachers, and guaranteeing the needful funds.

On the day following the promulgation of the Education Law, a scheme for Catholic instruction was already drafted. Committees of resistance had been formed in most places during the winter of 1879; they rose to the occasion, and from the end of July, without waiting for the word of command, these Committees had, for the most part, set to work to collect funds and prepare for the establishment of new schools. The Bishops then intervened, each in his own diocese, in order to introduce more method and system into the movement, to link together the autonomous local associations, and to form new ones in places where they were still lacking.

Three kinds of Education Committees were set on foot all over the country, those of the parish, the deanery, and the province. These committees, together with the diocesan and cantonal inspectors chosen by the Bishops, became the ruling authorities of Catholic education.

At the base of this organization stood the parochial councils, and it was by their labours that the arduous work of forming and maintaining the new schools was almost exclusively accomplished. They were composed of the parish priest and of such laymen as had already distinguished themselves by their zeal in furthering Catholic interests. The functions of these committees were varied and numerous, and included urging on

parents the duty of sending their children to Catholic schools, for this purpose visiting them frequently in their homes as well as giving them private exhortations on the subject. The members of these committees distributed tracts and newspapers favourable to religious education ; they built schools, regulated their management, and procured funds for their maintenance. The teachers were also paid and superintended by them. Such, until 1884, was the task of the parochial committees, who also had the appointment of the schoolmaster, unless the school owed its existence to the generosity of a founder who reserved this right to himself. The committees of the deanery ranked immediately above those of the parish. Recruited by the dean from the members of the different parochial committees, they exercised, generally speaking, no financial functions, but applied themselves principally to giving their counsel on matters connected with the good governance and regulation of the schools within their jurisdiction. They also served as intermediaries between the parochial and provincial committees.

These latter usually consisted of from twenty to thirty members, some of whom were ecclesiastics, but the greater number were laymen. Elected in the various districts, they assembled at stated times in the chief town of each province. Politicians, lawyers, journalists, landed proprietors, and influential manufacturers sat side by side with representatives of the educational body. Each of these assemblies had its executive committee, which frequently met at the chief town for the transaction of current business. Besides watching generally over the interests of primary education, the duties of these provincial committees included correspondence with the parochial committees, the formation of a central treasury, the funds from which were distributed amongst the most indigent schools ; and lastly, they had the care of the diocesan normal schools.

Such was this flexible, yet at the same time powerful, organization, which combined united action with independence ; the initiative of the clergy, with that of the representatives of families ; the active work of the parish with the guiding influence of the episcopate. All classes of society were represented in it, and called on to exercise the functions for which they were most adapted. The aristocracy, liberal professions, and upper middle class predominated in the provincial committees ; the parish

committees were composed mostly of small tradesmen and artizans ; and this diversity of elements, far from weakening their union, on the contrary, contributed to the success of their common efforts.

While the organization of free education was thus shaping itself, the interdict placed by the bishops on the State teaching was bearing fruit. From the end of August, schoolmasters and mistresses, inspectors, and functionaries of all kinds began to tender their resignations, and this continued uninterruptedly during the vacation and the first months of the scholastic year.

Some resigned even before the publication of the *Practical Instructions* ; others waited until the time of re-opening the schools drew near ; others again having resumed their official functions by virtue of dispensations lawfully obtained, left them by degrees, as soon as they could secure appointments in the private schools. In many places the communal schoolmaster, by agreement with the priest and the inhabitants, remained at his post while the Catholic school was being hastily erected, and when this was completed master and scholars transferred themselves there *en masse*, leaving the State school empty. Lastly there were a few members of the educational staff, who after at first remaining in the employ of the State from ignorance or weakness, abandoned it later on, either in obedience to the voice of their conscience, or from disgust at the tyranny which they saw exercised around them, and of which they were the first victims.

The ranks of those engaged in the higher branches of public education, as inspectors, professors in normal schools, and directors of large schools, were, in particular, thinned by these resignations.

In the course of a few weeks the Liberals lost those who were the most distinguished for their professional capacity, their experience and moral worth, and this loss was the more serious, inasmuch as these men brought their valuable knowledge and experience to aid in establishing the higher grades of free education. Their example was followed by all the nuns who taught in the public schools, and by the principal part of the lay schoolmistresses and a good number of masters.

Heroic acts of self-denial were witnessed in the educational staff. Young men whose age rendered them liable for military service, refused to profit by the dispensations which the Bishops

had formally granted, and shouldered their rifles rather than remain engaged in irreligious teaching. Others who had nearly reached the age which entitled them to a pension, left the State schools and cheerfully gave up the provision for their old age. A great number gave up assured and relatively brilliant positions, in order to enter the free schools, with much lower salaries and prospects. A master would sacrifice without hesitation half his annual stipend; a mistress would devote herself to the education of the little girls of her village for a sum barely sufficient for her maintenance. The instance is cited of a place in Hainaut where the Catholic population was so poor that they did not know how to pay a schoolmaster. The communal master, an excellent Christian, burdened with a family, went to the *curé* and offered his services. The priest was embarrassed how to touch on the delicate subject of remuneration, when the brave man added: "If you can only guarantee a sufficiency of corn and potatoes for my children, I ask no more." This act of devotion, as may be easily imagined, was joyfully accepted by the inhabitants and shortly afterwards the Catholic school was opened, to the universal satisfaction.

At Ghent twenty-six communal schoolmistresses resigned their official appointments, one of them, Mlle. Mathilde de Rop, giving the following example of heroic self-sacrifice.

She fell ill during the month of August, 1879, and it was evident that she would be unable to resume her duties by the beginning of the next school term; as an official schoolmistress she was entitled to receive her salary notwithstanding, and she was in no way obliged to resign a post which was moreover her sole source of livelihood. She was not deterred by these considerations, and when advised to apply to the clergy for the requisite dispensation, which she would certainly have obtained, this noble woman replied, "I will not continue for an instant to be connected with a system of education which will result in destroying the children's faith," and immediately sent in her resignation to the municipal offices. Before the end of the vacations Mlle. de Rop had succumbed to her malady; her sacrifice was without effect, but how worthy was it of admiration!

The same spirit of devotion showed itself in different ways in many other places. Every day schoolmasters were found who spontaneously sacrificed their prospects, and who, for the most part, went to increase the number of free educationists. When the Catholic Committees made a general census of results

gained at the end of 1880, it was found that 1750 schoolmasters and mistresses out of about 7500 had tendered their resignations. Their example was followed by some hundreds of others, during the following years, and in 1884 the total number of resignations rose to 2253, of which 1200 were those of masters and 1053 of mistresses. The heads of the "adopted" schools, whether Religious or laymen, had almost unanimously severed their official connection, and had themselves registered as engaged in the work of free education.

The Ministry was greatly annoyed at seeing these resignations on the increase, and endeavoured to put a stop to them. It attempted to take action against those certificated teachers who had formerly profited by the educational funds of the State, and who now refused to fulfil engagements contracted with the State under other legislation and entirely different conditions. Masters who resigned after attaining the age at which they were entitled to a pension for which they had worked all their life, were refused this pension. A ministerial circular of March 27th, 1880, decided that

If a master has even fulfilled the conditions legally required it does not follow that he has a positive right to a pension, especially when he accepts a post in private education, and uses his influence to disorganize State teaching.

The Liberal burgomasters, rivalling the central administration in zeal, annoyed in all sorts of ways those schoolmasters who left the communal schools: sometimes they made unjust stoppages of salary due to the teachers; in other cases they refused to accept resignations and caused them to be revoked.

But these harsh measures had hardly any other effect than that of still further exasperating tempers and embittering strife; they ended in discrediting official education, and in no way hindered the marvellous development of free instruction.

The latter was rapidly organized by the combined efforts of the episcopate, prominent laymen, and men of action.

There was no difficulty in filling up the ranks of the upper grades of the scholastic profession from the heads of the free schools, and also from the former officials of the public schools, who had resigned, and from the lay directors or professors in private colleges, who were consequently familiar with educational questions. This branch of the educational staff soon left nothing to be desired. There was not much difficulty, either,

in providing mistresses for the girls' schools. Boys' schools suffered much more from the dearth of masters, and even after several months' labour the vacancies were not all filled up. The Congregations of men which could have supplied masters were not nearly so well developed as the religious Orders of women, the Belgian Bishops having found it preferable to confide the direction of their primary schools, as far as possible, to laymen. This circumstance deprived free education of a valuable source from whence to obtain teachers, and yet it was necessary, in order to fight successfully against State education, to provide one or more competent masters for each of the new schools all over the country.

This gave occasion for further exhibitions of devotion and self-sacrifice. In many places, especially during the first few months, the *curé*, or the *vicaire*, supplied the lack of regular teachers, by undertaking the management of the boys' schools; some priests, absolutely without any help, even undertook the charge of the school during the whole of the five years of the Liberal power. Priests advanced in years did not hesitate to undertake single-handed this overwhelming task, and many of them ruined their health in so doing. In other places, the sacristan, choirmen, and others employed in the church, became the schoolmasters, and for the most part without recompense. Old preceptors who had left the service offered themselves; Seminarists interrupted their studies in order to fill up the vacant posts. The pupils in the diocesan training colleges on their part worked with greater zeal in order to get their certificate before the usual period had elapsed. Young men, who taught in night schools and Sunday schools, undertook to give primary instruction daily. The regular masters, redoubling their efforts, took as many scholars as possible under their tuition; the nuns opened mixed schools for the younger children, and also infant schools.

At the same time that they were providing for the primary schools, the Catholic Education Committees were occupied in securing the proper carrying on of the old training schools and in forming new ones. Owing to the sympathy with which the people regarded the movement, and to the Christian spirit of the rural classes which furnished the greater number of recruits to the educational staff, these establishments speedily received as many pupils as they could possibly accommodate. The last vacancies which existed in the Catholic schools were thus

enabled to be filled up, and by the end of 1881 the organization of free education was complete.

It was in pecuniary matters that the Catholics were at most disadvantage. Their rivals needed to make no sacrifices; the passing of a vote sufficed to place both the State Budget and the communal funds at their disposal. The Catholics, on the contrary, were under the necessity of raising an enormous sum immediately; they had to build, furnish, and maintain hundreds of schools, to pay a numerous staff of teachers, to give gratuitous instruction to poor children, and in order to meet these multifarious claims there was only public charity to depend on. They were not daunted, but resolutely set to work to beg.

The fundamental rule laid down by the clergy and the education committees for the collection and use of money, was the *localization of receipts and expenditure*. The parish, the first unit of the Catholic system was chosen as the centre, round which the activity and devotion of Catholics naturally and instinctively concentrated themselves.

Each locality must provide alone, for all, or nearly all, the expenses of its own school, each committee took steps to fill the treasury by means of voluntary gifts, and itself regulated the expenditure according to the needs of the parish and the amount of money collected.

It was proved by experience that this was the best plan, and constituted the only means of obtaining large and repeated donations, and of exercising economy in the use of the sums received; it was to the general adoption of this method that the organizers of Catholic teaching owed the success of their work.

The energetic and continued action taken by the education committees was aided in a remarkable way by private efforts. It will never be known what was accomplished by heroic deeds done in the course of these years. It would be necessary to recount in detail the history of each new school, and to record an infinite number of little facts which, taken separately, may seem insignificant, but each of which represents a hard sacrifice, and which constitute in their entirety a nation's act of faith.

The rich contributed large sums and assisted in meeting the expenses of the free education in their districts by gifts of all sorts, in money, or in building and equipping the schools and providing teachers. Members of the aristocracy, large landed

proprietors, and the upper middle classes, everywhere undertook the construction and maintenance of one or more schools at their expense. The Arenberg family alone built more than one hundred; the Mérodes, Robianos, and the Caraman Chimays also figure largely in this list of benefactors. Their example was imitated in numbers of places; the *châtelains* in the villages deemed it an honour to defray the expenses of the free school.

People with medium or small incomes were asked to give an immediate donation and an annual subscription, and the members of the parochial committees appointed regular collectors to receive the offerings of each family. One priest in Brussels, an indefatigable beggar, himself collected more than 600,000 francs. These house-to-house visitations were supplemented by frequent collections in the churches. Alms flowed in from all sides. Domestic servants brought half their wages, others some hundreds or thousands of francs, the savings of a lifetime, and all they had to keep them in their old age; the poorest gave their pence. A poor peasant woman in the province of Namur offered the priest a plot of ground, left to her by her parents, to build a school on, and added 120 francs, which she had saved. "The good God," she said, "will do the rest." The pupils at the College of Malonne gave up their prizes, and the money they would have cost was given to the Catholic Education fund. This example was followed in more than thirty colleges. In the arid districts of the Campine poor peasants gave the tenth of their small earnings to the parish school, and in other places the villagers agreed to let out the shooting rights over their grounds and brought the money to the *curé*.

The priests themselves set an example to their flocks, giving both their money and their labour, and accomplished marvellous acts of generosity. In hundreds of places both *curés* and *vicaires* gave up their modest stipends to the cause, the price of their subscription to a newspaper, or the money usually devoted to the purchase of tobacco. Many of them sold their library or their furniture, some even parted with the sacred vessels; many contracted debts. At Estinnes-au-Mont, the priest, a cultivated old man, who possessed a valuable collection of medals, sold them in order to cast the price into the educational treasury. Another old *curé* had safely invested his whole fortune, 20,000 francs, which he designed to be used in good works and in Masses for his soul. But a school must be

built ; he at once drew out 5,000 francs, then another 5,000, then the remainder. Alas ! money was still wanting. However, in order to economise, he was his own architect ; he gave up his salary, and the school was completed and filled with children. At Volkegem, the *curé*, an accomplished musician, gave concerts in all the well-to-do families in his district, and after charming his hosts with his vocal and instrumental talents, he held out his hand to beg for his school, and the concert ended with a profitable collection.

The *curés* of Luxembourg, in particular, distinguished themselves by their zeal, which they carried to a pitch of sacrifice. Poor, in the midst of a poor population, the Luxembourg priest did not content himself with retrenching in superfluities, he went on to curtail the necessities of life. First went all savings laid up for his old age ; this resource exhausted, many priests made money out of their cellars, and wine, beer, and even meat no longer appeared on their tables. The instance is cited of one aged priest who carried this system of privation so far that he ruined his health, and ended by dying in want ; his sister, who had taken her share also in the sacrifice, following him to the grave. But the school survived, and the dying pastor was able to say that he had not left those souls to perish for whom, following his Master's example, he had given his life.

In default of all other resources, the Luxembourg clergy and their colleagues of Campine, who were often equally poverty-stricken, set out for the more wealthy districts of Flanders, and begged in the large towns and in country *chateaux*. They brought back, in addition to Flemish gold, yet more proofs of chivalrous endurance.

The result was worthy of the effort. It is not easy to form an accurate computation of the amount received by the parochial and provincial committees. Contemporaneous accounts estimate it at twenty million francs for the whole of Belgium, to which must be added about ten million francs, the value of gifts of land, houses, materials and furniture, transport and labour ; but we believe this to be too low a figure, and that we are under the mark, in calculating the total outlay made in 1879 at forty millions. It was estimated that an annual income of nine or ten millions was required to meet ordinary expenses, and this sum had to be furnished by public generosity, a large proportion of this amount being actually subscribed by the end of 1879.

But money was not the only thing requisite. If the schools were to be opened at the beginning of the scholastic year, suitable premises to hold them in must either be found or constructed with all possible speed.

The work of installation was comparatively easy when the parochial committee could find a building in the neighbourhood adapted for a school-house, in which case it was at once either bought or rented. But there were country parishes where the most minute search failed to discover any suitable place in which to open the classes. In such cases the only thing to do was hastily to fit up any room or place which could be hired, or which was lent by the owners. In one place, a priest would give up some of the rooms in his presbytery; in another, the lord of the manor would convert some outbuildings into a school; sometimes the mansion itself temporarily served the purpose, the nuns who had undertaken the management of the girls' school being also boarded and lodged there. Generous benefactors gave up their houses to the Sisters who were expelled from the communal buildings; peasants set aside half their farm-houses in order that classes might be held in them. Sometimes a barn, a wine-shop, or a stable, was made to serve the purpose, and the school was carried on as well as it could be under these disadvantageous conditions pending the erection of the permanent school-house, which was being built in all haste.

One of these improvised schools, that of Baelegem—had the honour of causing a special meeting of the Chamber to be held. The inhabitants of that little Flemish commune, only a few days after the passing of the *Loi de malheur* began the erection of a large primary Catholic school. This building not being ready by the time the schools assembled, a very humble substitute—a barn—had to suffice for a few weeks. The Liberals of the district, irritated at seeing the official school nearly empty, while the Catholic "shed" overflowed with pupils, speedily sent for a photographer from the neighbouring town, who took a photograph of the barn adjacent to the new school, carefully leaving the latter out of sight. This photograph was posted up and exposed on all sides: it bore the legend—*With God, but without windows*. The Liberal papers were overjoyed; a Radical member, M. Jotterand, being informed of the scandal, waxed indignant, and denounced "the insanitary state of the Catholic schools" in the Chamber. He had better have held

his peace! A few days later the Catholics let this friend of light see that if the school at Baelegem appeared to be without windows, it was because it had been seen on one side only. One of their friends, a photographer, went in his turn to take a view of the celebrated school. In place of a dilapidated barn, this new photograph showed a magnificent school-house, nearly completed, and lighted by six large windows. Above the picture were printed these words—"Dedicated to M. Jotterand," and beneath it, "The real school of Baelegem, a Catholic school, 20 meters in length, by 8 in breadth, and 4.50 meters in height." Photographs of the Baelegem School "with God and with windows," were sold for the benefit of the Catholic schools, and a great success was scored in the Chamber, where care was taken to exhibit them under the eyes of the partisans of schools "with windows, but without scholars."

At La Bouverie, the girls' school, an empty house which the *cure* had bought in September, 1879, was not ready by the end of the vacation. No temporary place could be found, and the classes had to be begun while the works of alteration and repairs were being carried on. The nuns who had just left the communal school lodged for some two months in a hay-loft, the school furniture was warehoused in a barn, and the school opened on September 29th amid the obstructions of masons and carpenters. No benches, no desks, but nevertheless three hundred and fifty pupils seated on the floor were daily taught by the Sisters. A happy idea presented itself to the priest; the Sisters' pupils attended Mass every day at the neighbouring church, about ten minutes' walk from the school; and until the desks were ready the *cure* allowed each child to take a chair from the church. Henceforth a procession of three hundred and fifty little girls, each with a chair on her head and her school-satchel on her arm, might be seen every Monday going towards the school; and on Saturday the chairs were taken back in the same way. During class the children used their knees as desks. As the masons went on with their work it not unfrequently happened that mortar falling from the trowels soiled the pupils' clothes and copybooks, but this in no way disconcerted them any more than it did the good Sisters who accepted this hard life with a smile on their lips.

The erection of the Catholic school in the country parishes was a very great business. The first stone was laid with much ceremony and accompanied by the benediction of the Church,

then each one brought his offering, often also his labour. The teams of the farmers and landowners were available for transport; materials were gratuitously given; masons, carpenters, tilers, in more than one locality, worked without payment, the very poorest allowed themselves to be called on. In certain communes in the Ardennes the school was built entirely by the inhabitants under the direction of their parish priest; sometimes the *curé* himself took part in the labour.

The new schools were built with extraordinary rapidity. One of these buildings, undertaken by an indefatigable builder, M. Baisir, *curé* of Olloy, was finished from the foundations to the roof in less than three weeks; another, erected at Gourdiune by the same priest, was completed in sixteen days; many were built in the course of a month. Thanks to this promptitude a good number of the new establishments were ready by the time the schools assembled, and the others were opened in the first weeks of the scholastic year.

In less than three months the Belgian Catholics, by dint of a courage and energy which it would be difficult to find equalled, improvised, in the face of the enemy, the splendid edifice of free, religious, primary education.¹ It remained for the people to judge between them and the Liberals, and to decide where the children should be educated, for the possession of whom the contest was being carried on.

The nation's response was a brilliant triumph for the Catholics. On the re-opening of the classes on the 1st of October, 1879, the great majority of scholars left the official schools and took their places in those founded by the zeal of the clergy and the generosity of the faithful. The defiance hurled at the Left by Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove, during the debate on the Education Bill was consequently justified—"Only one thing will be wanting to your schools, and it is that which will fill ours—the confidence of the people."

The Government itself owned to a diminution of 33 per cent. in the numbers attending the primary schools at the opening of the term, but this figure was evidently short of the truth. At the instance of the Brabant Committee of free education, statistics were obtained of the numbers of attendances at the schools throughout the country, with the following results:

¹ A year after the passing of the law of 1879 they had founded 2,064 free schools. In 1884 they had 3,885, served by 8,713 teachers.

Number of communes having Catholic schools.	not having any.	Schools in course of construction.	Numbers attending schools.		Total.	Proportional results <i>per cent.</i> Schools	
			Official.	Catholic.		Official.	Catholic.
1849	672	196	240,501	379,277	619,778	38·804	61·196

To appreciate the value of these figures, they must be compared with those of the preceding year. In December, 1878, when the law of 1842 was in force, the 687,749 children attending primary schools were distributed as follows :

A. SCHOOLS UNDER INSPECTION—				
1. Communal schools ...	527,417	}	597,624	
2. " Adopted " ...	66,921			
3. Private subsidized ...	3,286			
B. Free schools	90,125	
Total	687,749	

These figures show a per centage of 86·9 for the Government schools, and only 13·1 for the free schools, of the children under instruction.

Under the new law, one year later, the official and subsidized schools had consequently lost 357,123 pupils, or 59·7 per cent. of their numbers in 1878 ; the free schools had gained 289,152.

But this was only the beginning. In October, 1880, the members of the provincial committees of free education resolved to take another educational census. This was done in the month of December, and the results, very carefully scrutinized, were published by M. Malou in the March following. We take the following figures from these statistics.

	Number of pupils.		Total.	Proportions <i>per cent.</i> Schools.	
	Official.	Catholic.		Official.	Catholic.
Primary schools ...	294,356	455,179	749,535	39·27	60·73
Infant schools ...	39,145	125,201	164,346	23·82	76·18
Primary and Infant Total ...	333,501	580,380	913,881	36·50	63·50

The statistics as to the number of schools were no less encouraging. Out of the 2,515 communes of the country, at the end of 1880, 1,936 possessed one or more Catholic schools. Free education was not yet organized in 567 communes ; but there was in these a large proportion of unimportant

villages the children from which attended the neighbouring free schools. 62 communes, lastly, possessed no school.

The victories of Catholic charity over the official millions will be better appreciated by reading the following statement :

Pupils in primary schools, categorically specified.

<i>Categories.</i>	Number of Communes.	Population.	Number of pupils.		Total Categories.	Numbers per cent.	
			Catholic.	Official.		Cath.	Official.
A. Communes where the official schools number 0 to 25 scholars	718	833,547	106,993	7,618	114,611	93'35	6'65
B. Where the official schools number 26 to 50 scholars	484	614,637	68,655	18,209	86,864	79'04	20'96
C. Where the official schools number 51 to 100 scholars	584	766,699	71,190	43,394	114,584	62'13	37'87
D. Where the official schools number 101 to 1,000 scholars	702	1,992,623	130,763	149,743	280,506	46'62	53'38
E. Where the official schools have more than 1,000 scholars	27	1,101,226	77,578	75,392	152,970	50'71	49'29
	2515	5,308,732	455,179	294,356	749,535	60'73	39'27

These figures speak for themselves. They definitely establish the victory of free over official education, and from this point of view show a marked improvement on the situation in December, 1879.

Flanders here shows to best advantage, the neutral schools have hardly more than one-fourth of the scholars (25'48 per cent.). In certain districts the proportion was particularly striking. Maeseyok, Saint-Nicolas, Turnhout, sent 90 per cent. of their children to Catholic schools; at Thielt and Roulers the numbers were nearly 96 per cent.

The results were less brilliant in the four Walloon provinces. In two of these, namely Liège and Hainaut, large industrial centres, and at all times hotbeds of Belgian Liberalism, the Government had a majority. Generally speaking, the success of free education was greatest in the agricultural regions, and least in the manufactural or urban districts.

It was a rude blow to the Government.

From the first onset, the result obtained by the Catholics, in face of the united strength of the State, surpassed all expectation; the law of 1879 became a *Loi de malheur* to its inventors, a benefit to those whose faith it was intended to shipwreck. This state of affairs, which was continually on the increase, drew from M. Emile de Laveleye, an implacable adversary of the Church, this significant avowal:

I know of no more remarkable proof of the power which the Church has at her disposal, than what has been accomplished by her in Belgium since the reform of primary education in 1879. In the space of two years, she has established in nearly all the communes of the country, a school for boys and one for girls, and attracts to them a far more considerable number of children than do the official schools.¹

But we have hitherto only considered one aspect of the strife: the educational organization of the Catholics. We must now occupy ourselves with their opponents. The persecution by the Liberal Government is fruitful in valuable teaching, and it had, moreover, no other practical result beyond giving occasion for fresh acts of heroism among the Catholics and ensuring the final triumph of their efforts.

PIERRE VERHAEGEN.

¹ *Revue de Belgique*, September, 1881.

“*De Profundis.*”¹

“STILL I believe that at the beginning God made a world for each separate man :” in these words we have the theme which is developed throughout these new *Confessions*. This man believed in his right to live in a world created for the fulfilment of his own needs and desires. He would not, as we take it, have pretended that his was any special and peculiar privilege ; that the welfare of the rest of mankind, or of any personal unit thereof, was to be subordinated to his own. But his philosophy of life and morals was geocentric, that is to say, he placed himself at the centre of the universe, and would have advised every one else to do the same.

Nor is this such an utter paradox as it may at first sight appear. Any point of the world, at which we stand, might be chosen as a centre in regard to the rest, every individual actually must, in the conduct of his life, act as though from the middle of all things. Supposing no mountain or other object to intervene, we stand inevitably at the centre of our own horizon, and that horizon material or spiritual, is, for each one of us, the boundary of the universe. This is an illusion, but it is also a truth ; it is an illusion if we forget that there is a countless number of other horizons and a countless number of other centres ; it is a truth in so far as this multiplicity in no way lessens the central force of each one, in the spiritual as in the material order.

In the artistic temperament there will usually be a predominance of the fallacious element in this impression. Because the artist has a more vivid impression of his life at the heart of all creation, he is more subject to the illusion of forgetfulness in regard to other factors, and he is also liable to make the mistake of imagining himself a centre there where he is not, as well as there where he is. Hence the delusive sense of his own fame which filled the writer of the little volume before us. In fantasy he was the centre, not only from the point at which he stood, but from a thousand other points likewise. Perhaps

¹ Oscar Wilde.

such a sentiment is almost necessary to artistic production. The poet's universe is more fluid and undetermined than that of other men, his horizon less defined. Hence, from this uncertainty as to his limitations, he rather easily passes on to a forgetfulness of the very existence of such limitations, and to a sense of world-wide importance which is often exaggerated.

I was a man [he writes] who stood in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age. . . . Few men held such a position in their own lifetime and had it so acknowledged. . . . The gods had given me almost everything.

These are not probably, the utterances of vanity, but of that illusion we have described, an illusion to which he, more even than other artists, must have been peculiarly subject.

But nothing so well refutes the falsehoods which are incident to any theory as pushing that theory to its most extreme conclusions. Oscar Wilde was individualistic to such an extent, he forced so much into his theory, that the bottle was burst and its contents scattered. And in his own life the same process was exemplified. To be truly a world-centre, we must accept the world such as it is; he attempted more and other than this. He ignored the actual universe that existed around him, and framed one out of his own inner conceptions. Those conceptions were shattered by the brutality of outer facts, he lost his fancied world, and found his real horizon narrowed, and its contents impoverished.

But now it was that, at any rate in thought and theory, he rose triumphant over his circumstances, and gave to his doctrine, a justification it had never before received—at least from him. Brought at last in contact with the inevitableness of outer creation, while the prison walls confined his sight, and the outraged laws of humanity stood between his soul and that space and freedom in which he had rejoiced, he saw that, if he was to triumph now, it could be by no fictitious representation of the world and his own circumstances, but by the acceptance and mastery of them.

My only mistake was [he says] that I confined myself so exclusively to the trees of what seemed to me the sun-lit side of the garden, and shunned the other side for its shadow and gloom. Failure, disgrace, poverty, sorrow, despair, suffering, tears even, the broken words that come from lips in pain, remorse that makes one walk on thorns, conscience that condemns, self-abasement that punishes, the misery

that puts ashes on its head, the anguish that chooses sackcloth for its raiment and into its own drink puts gall—all these were things of which I was afraid. And as I had determined to know nothing of them, I was forced to taste each of them in turn, to feed on them, to have for a season, indeed, no other food at all.¹

But does he express here the full truth of his change of experience? It was not only a change from pleasure to pain, from joy to grief, but it was still more, a change from a world undefined and plastic, a world of which he had the continuous making and moulding, to a world which God and man and his own deeds had fixed for him; from a world which he could fashion according to his likings, inspired by his artistic and creative instincts, to a world in which he had simply to take a place and endure the inevitable.

We are all of us partly creative and partly passive in regard to our circumstances. The state of passivity easily and often passes on into one of suffering but it is not identical with it, any more than the creative function of life is altogether joyful. But in the life of Oscar Wilde, as he describes it, *necessity* only made itself known in suffering and misery and anguish; he had fashioned his own joys, in artistic freedom; his sorrows were imposed upon him from without.

But, however we may differ from the philosophy he evolved out of his prison life, we can hardly restrain an exclamation of sympathy and admiration at the irrepressible life and courage with which the artist within him rose up to deal with his new circumstances. He is, at last, brought irrevocably face to face with the laws of moral and physical necessity. Will he twist his nature, and falsify his philosophy, by a hopeless struggle out of which he can never emerge victorious? Not at all. With his rare intuition he sees that here his individualism can only be saved at the cost of endurance and submission. He cannot, this time, make a world for himself and just as he wishes it; but he can re-create the world in which he finds himself. The artist in him shall triumph though the man suffer and perish. He had not chosen suffering, but when it comes to him, he will invent it for himself, and it shall flow from his own heart, and from no external source. Humility and loving forgiveness were not the virtues he had cultivated in his self-made life; but when his existence had become such that these were the fruits to be expected of it, then he took care to

¹ Pp. 63, 64.

bring them forth from his own creative soul, and not have them forced upon him by the hands of fortune or of other men. He passed through his period of helplessness and despair, but came forth once more to the exercise of his creative faculties; this time, owing to his circumstances, in a totally new moral order.

I have lain in prison for nearly two years. Out of my nature has come wild despair; an abandonment to grief that was piteous even to look at; . . . But while there were times when I rejoiced in the idea that my sufferings were to be endless, I could not bear them to be without meaning. Now I find hidden away somewhere in my nature something that tells me that nothing in the whole world is meaningless, and suffering least of all. That something hidden away in my nature, like a treasure in a field, is Humility.¹

He turns to Christ and claims to find in Him "the precursor of the romantic movement in life," and also that He "was not merely the supreme individualist, but He was the first individualist in history." But we must put these words, alongside of others, in which he shows us what, in his mind, an individualist may be.

While Christ did not say to men "live for others," He pointed out that there was no difference at all between the lives of others and one's own life.

Here again the contents have burst the bottle, individualism has enlarged its boundaries until it has lost its shape. And yet, even so, he has missed, in the character of Christ, that note which would have been perceptible enough had anything more fully responded to it in his own; the note of meek endurance of a world "which knew Him not."

Thus, in spite of our sympathy with that courageous exercise of the artistic and creative faculty in circumstances so adverse, we still feel that something is lacking; that the humility which he found hidden in his field was too confident and self-possessed to be truly human. He fully understood neither what it is to do an injury nor what it is to receive a benefit; he could neither forgive nor thank. He had learnt his lesson up to a certain point, but much was yet to be acquired. It was, perhaps, impossible for "his highly intellectual and artificial nature," as his editor calls it, to go much further than he went; only in eternity could the work be completed.

But, in spite of these deficiencies, his artistic force and instincts served him in noble stead in the handling of his circumstances. Just because of his individualism he saw how

¹ Pp. 24, 25.

terrible, how suicidal it is to cut out of our lives any tract of experience however painful it may be. Even though we cannot wholly succeed as regards our fundamental being, the very attempt to do so must impoverish and lessen us. Is it not simply appalling to see people tear pages out of their lives without endeavouring to preserve the lesson that should be learned from them? We are poor enough, God knows, and yet we cast away continually fragments of the little we possess. And our effort is often rather to get through certain experiences with as little impression as possible, than to drink in all they can teach us. We have no regard to the continuity of our own lives. But our poet was wiser. He says: "When first I was put into prison, people advised me to try and forget who I was. It was ruinous advice."¹ And he blames society for shrinking from the impression of its own acts: "It shuns those whom it has punished, as people shun a creditor whose debt they cannot pay."² And again:

Many men on their release carry their prison about with them into the air, and hide it as a secret disgrace in their hearts, and at length, like poor poisoned things creep into some hole and die. It is wretched that they should have to do so, and it is wrong, terribly wrong of society that it should force them to do so.³

Thanks to his artistic genius he found the way to work even this lurid patch of colour into the tissue of his life; he knew that those two years must leave him richer or poorer, and he was resolved that it should be the former. Having nothing else within his prison walls on which his heart and soul might feed, he made them live on sorrow, and thus sorrow became his life. There is a sense in which disease is physical life, pain is sensitive life, madness is mental life. In this way he made of sorrow his sustenance, his occupation, the very creative exercise of his genius. "Pleasure for the beautiful body, but pain for the beautiful soul."⁴

What more can we say of this strange, wayward soul except once more to thank God that judgment is in His hands and not in ours, and that we are not called on to weigh the virtues and the vices, to measure the excuses and mete out the blame? We can criticize him from without, but not from within. But it is better to give our last look at the best, and not at the worst, and this much at least we may say—he was courageous and consistent in a very dark hour, and he left us at least an example of how a man may make his fate his own.

M. D. PETRE.

¹ P. 36. ² P. 41. ³ P. 40. ⁴ P. 59.

Japan and Christianity.

III.—EXTERMINATION.

THERE is perhaps no more pathetic page in the history of the Church than the story of that half-century of persecution which, following upon some fifty years of relative success, brought about in the end the overthrow of the Christian faith throughout the empire of Japan. Though such Catholic writers as Charlevoix and Léon Pagés may dwell at times with tedious iteration upon the diabolical cruelties of the torturers and the sublime heroism of their victims, it must nevertheless be allowed that so long as unflinching constancy and high ideals of duty go for anything in this world, the chronicle of those years of terror was well worth preserving. For a Catholic it is hard to keep patience with the modern secular historian, who dismisses the sufferings of the missionaries and their converts in a few curt ill-natured lines, only to spend pages in vindicating the severity of the Japanese rulers and in pressing home every trumpery charge against the loyalty of the Christians.¹ Had the victims died for any other cause in the world than that of Catholicity, had they been Puritans, or Jews, or followers of Confucius, the historian's impartial pen would have been busy in expatiating upon the supreme quality of their courage, the intensity of their conviction, the unselfishness of their aims. He would have pointed out that their antagonism to the bonzes had ample reason, and that a certain measure of intolerance is the inevitable adjunct

¹ Never was there a country or a period where the adage held so true :

Treason never prospers, and with good reason ;
For when it prospers it is not treason.

Treason against Hideyoshi or Iyeyasu ! The idea is almost ludicrous to any one who knows the history of the times. They were both strong and capable rulers, but their whole authority was built upon a succession of treasons of the most aggravated kind ; and as for patriotism, is there a scrap of evidence which would show that either one or the other was animated by the least sympathy with Japan or its people as distinct from a ruthless determination to secure at all costs the consolidation of their own authority ?

of every true conviction, ethical or religious. He would have pleaded that the missionary who read such a story as that of Phinehas in his Bible, and who learned in his catechism that unnatural lust was one of the sins crying to Heaven for vengeance, could no more rest an idle spectator of the depravity of the bonzes, than a healthy minded modern Englishman could tolerate *suttee* or could be deterred from setting free a cargo of slaves by any specious appeal to the sacred rights of property.

At the risk of repeating what I have said in a previous article I venture to insist that even on rationalist principles the Christian propaganda in Japan was no aggression. In the right of their own higher and purer system of morality the missionaries had good cause to rebuke the bonzes and defy the Shōgun's edicts. It may be that both in Europe and in the East many of the countrymen of the preachers showed little appreciation of this higher morality in their own lives, but even among the worst of them the principles themselves remained undisputed. Still more in that "sin-sodden" soil of Japan, to use a phrase of Mr. Murdoch's, those principles bore fruit not only in the example of the missionaries themselves, but in the pure lives of thousands and thousands of Christian converts. It has been said wisely enough that the true religion of Japan is not Shinto or Buddhism, but Bushido, the "good form" of the gentleman warrior,—we might say of the true knight, were it not that the principles of the Bushi or Samurai differed in many noteworthy particulars from the knightly ideal. Amid much that was noble in Bushido (the way of the warrior) there were in all that concerned the relations of the sexes hideously dark shadows, and this defect Shinto (the path of the Gods) had done absolutely nothing to correct. I am glad upon this point to be able to quote a writer who, while he speaks with high authority upon all matters Japanese, cannot, as we shall see, be suspected of any undue prejudice in favour of Christianity.

No feature of the *bushi's*¹ character [says Captain Brinkley] is more discreditable than his slavish yielding to the erotic passion. In the camp, where the presence of women was generally impossible, he thought no shame of resorting to unnatural liaisons, and out of that indulgence there grew a perverted code of morality which surrounded such acts with a halo of martial manliness. But in that respect the conduct of the Japanese *samurai* is deprived of singularity by numerous counterparts in other countries. What differentiates him is his undis-

¹ The *bushi* is the ideal warrior.

guised indifference to chastity for its own sake as well as to the obligation imposed by the marriage tie. It is remarkable that Buddhism, which in all its forms, with one exception, insisted upon the observance of celibacy by its ministers, failed completely in the case of its disciples, to subject the passions of the flesh to any of the restraints which Christianity enforced so successfully in Imperial Rome. In vain the student looks among the heroes of the military epoch for a man who made purity an ideal, continence a duty, or conjugal fidelity a law.¹

And Captain Brinkley enforces his statement by a long catalogue of instances embracing nearly all the characters of Japanese pagan history who were most illustrious for their realization of the Bushido ideal. It is only in the Christian annals of Japan that we find this need supplied. It is only there that we discover in example after example the moral strength of woman proclaimed and ennobled. Under the Christian law the wife becomes the helpmate of her husband, the responsible and respected instructress of her children. Purity is honoured by the vows of consecrated virgins. The name of Mary resounds continually as a salutation upon Christian lips, and the statue of the Mother of God is an ever-present reminder of the unparalleled dignity to which the gentler sex has been raised by the Incarnation. If Christianity had done no more than to make known such ideals as these its work had not been vain. All must agree that there were to be found in Japan the most splendid materials for a great national character. Christianity, as the history of the persecution was to illustrate again and again, had not sapped the people's strength, or lowered their courage. It had not diminished their dignity and courtesy or robbed them of their self-reliance. But it had added the delicate moral sense which they previously lacked, and it had set before them higher and nobler ideals of virtue. It is surprising to me that Captain Brinkley, when deploring the results of the isolation which followed Iyemitsu's Edict of 1637, can sum up the results of Christian teaching with such an indictment as the following.

In 1641 everything is reversed. Trade is interdicted to all Western people except the Dutch, and they are confined to a little island, two hundred yards in length by eighty yards in width. The least symptom of predilection for an alien creed is punished with awful rigour. Any attempt to leave the limits of the realm involves decapitation. Not a ship large enough to pass beyond the shadow of the coast may be built.

¹ *Japan: its History, Arts, and Literature*, vol. ii. p. 217 (1901).

However unwelcome the admission, it is apparent that for all these changes Christianity was responsible. The policy of seclusion adopted by Japan in the early part of the seventeenth century, and resolutely pursued until the middle of the nineteenth, was anti-Christian, not anti-foreign. The fact cannot be too clearly recognized. It is the chief lesson taught by the events outlined above. Throughout the whole of that period of isolation, Occidentals were not known to the Japanese by any of the terms now in common use—as *gwaiihoku-jin*, *seiyo-jin*, or *i-jin*, which embody the simple meaning foreigner or Western or alien: they were popularly called *bateren* (padre).¹ Thus completely had foreign intercourse and Christian propagandism become identified in the eyes of the people.

Surely, as an analysis of the relations of cause and effect, this is all very perverse. Are we to make the suppressed monasteries and their inmates responsible for all the poverty and the cruel vagrant laws under Edward VI. and his successors? Are the Saracens and Jews to be regarded as the real authors of the establishment of the Spanish Inquisition, or are our Evangelical friends wont to rail against the printing of the Bible on the ground that it has made darker the "religious obscurantism" of the various Latin races?

But this, however, is somewhat of a digression. Let me return to those fifty years of persecution in Japan during which the Christian faith was practically exterminated. It would be quite impossible in the space at my command to attempt any sort of narrative of this sad history, but it is interesting to point to the impartial estimate which many non-Catholic observers and students have formed of the sincerity of the converts, to which their steadfastness so strikingly bears witness.

The most remarkable of these observers is perhaps the Dutchman, Caron, one little disposed either by racial sympathy, or by his office as head of the Dutch factory at Nagasaki to exaggerate the points which make in favour of the Catholic missionaries. Yet he must have been in a position to learn the truth in considerable detail. Be this as it may, Caron somewhere about the year 1636 thus sums up the course of the persecution in Japan down to that date.

At first [he says] the believers in Christ were only beheaded and afterwards attached to a cross; which was considered as a sufficiently

¹ I have no right to an opinion on the subject, but it seems to me that in the native documents quoted by Sir Ernest Satow and others, the word *bateren* is uniformly used to designate not foreigners in general, but priests.

heavy punishment. But when many of them were seen to die with emotions of joy and exultation, some even to go singing to the place of execution, and when although thirty and sometimes one hundred, were put to death at a time, it was found that their numbers did not appear to diminish, it was determined to use every exertion to change their joy into grief and their songs into tears and groans of misery.

To effect this they were tied to stakes and burnt alive, were broiled on wooden gridirons, and thousands were thus wretchedly destroyed. But as the number of the Christians was not perceptibly lessened by these cruel punishments they became tired of putting them to death, and attempts were then made to induce the Christians to abandon their faith by the infliction of the most dreadful torments which a diabolical invention could suggest.

After describing the outrages inflicted upon the women and girls, outrages which hardly bear repetition, Caron remarks :

The Japanese Christians, however, endured these persecutions with a great deal of steadiness and courage ; very few, in comparison with those who remained steadfast in the faith, were the number of those who fainted under their trials or abjured their religion. It is true that these people possess, on such occasions, a stoicism and intrepidity of which no examples can be met with in the bulk of other nations. Neither men nor women are afraid of death. Yet an uncommon steadfastness in the faith must at the same time be requisite to continue unmoved in these trying circumstances.

Once a year a general and strict search is made throughout all the territories of the empire. All the inhabitants are assembled in the pagodas where they must sign with their blood that they are true Japanese and not Christians, or if they are Christians they must abjure their faith. But this measure has not produced the effects the Emperor expected from it, as not one year elapses in which several hundred Christians are not put to death with torments.

All these persecutions and massacres have at last considerably reduced the number of Christians ; and the Court has directed, in order to discover those that remain, that if any one was found to be a Christian he should, upon making discovery of a fellow Christian, be relieved of the punishment to which he would otherwise be liable ; or if he could not or would not point out another, that then he should suffer the penalty affixed to the profession of his religion, namely to be hung head downwards (the punishment of the *fosse*). It is generally supposed that this measure will be more efficacious for the extirpation of Christianity than all the punishments that have hitherto been devised.¹

¹ Murdoch, *History of Japan*, p. 635. This translation, which Murdoch has borrowed from Pinkerton's *Voyages*, vol. vii., leaves out many details, e.g., the following. "These cruel executioners put out the Christian parents' eyes, and

It is likely enough that the reports which reached Caron were exaggerated, although native records aver that during the twenty years or so preceding 1635, 280,000 Japanese were punished for accepting Christianity. Probably in these matters the missionary letters are more likely to be accurate than the native accounts, and the *Catalogus Martyrum* drawn up by Father Cardim in 1641 does not claim more than 1,420 victims who were definitely known to him to have laid down their lives for the faith. Mr. Murdoch whom I very willingly follow in this matter, points out that in 1596 the total number of Christians in Japan is put at 300,000 in three separate missionary letters. Six years later, according to the testimony of the Bishop of Japan, they had fallen to 200,000. At that period the adult baptisms for which the Jesuits were responsible amounted to some 5,000 a year on an average, while the priests of other Orders may have baptized altogether about half as many. But against this we have to set the defections, which at such a period of severe persecution were no doubt numerous.

With regard, however, to the general constancy of the Christians, even under the severest threats and torments, there is an almost unanimous agreement. "Our hearts burn within us," writes Dr. Rein,¹ to take an example at random, "when we read the various accounts of the joyfulness and constancy with which the unhappy victims of their faith met death;" and he goes on to quote with approval the words of Dr. Griffis, himself an American Protestant missionary and a by no means ardent admirer of the Church of Rome: "If any one should doubt," remarks this writer, "the sincerity and fervour of the Christian converts of to-day . . . he has only to read the accounts preserved in English, Dutch, French, Latin, and Japanese, of various witnesses of the fortitude of Japanese converts of the seventeenth century."

Amid all the pathetic incidents in which these martyrdoms abound, there are none which impress the reader so deeply as the heroic courage of the women and children.² When we read

placing their little children beside them tortured them whole days long, compelling the little ones with tears of blood to call to their hapless fathers and mothers to make an end of their sufferings. 'Oh! father, oh! mother, take pity on us; save us from these torments; they will never let us go unless you yield to them.'" See the Dutch edition, Caron, *Rechte Beschryvinge van het Machtigh Koninkrijk van Jappan*. The Hague, 1662, (an edition revised and amended by the author), p. 37.

¹ Rein, *Japan*, p. 308.

² I may refer the reader to Miss Caddell's *Cross in Japan*, recently reprinted, or to Lady Georgiana Fullerton's story, *Laurentia*, for further touching illustrations.

of the boy Lewis, at the age of twelve, who ran like a second St. Andrew to embrace the cross upon which he was to die ; of Magdalen, who, as she was being burned to death, gathered up in her hands the red-hot coals and crowned her brows with them as though they had been roses ; of the little martyr of six who, running to keep up with the soldier who led him to death, gazed without dismay at the disfigured corpses of his father and uncle, and then kneeling down and joining his hands, looked up into the face of the executioner with a bright, expectant smile ; or of the Christian mother who, being herself, by a refinement of cruelty, respited from death, spent her time in teaching her doomed little ones how they were to kneel down, to bow their heads and to cry out " Jesus ! Mary ! " with their latest breath—when we read, I say, of these incidents, and of countless others which closely resemble them, we are tempted to wonder whether we are not breathing the atmosphere of legend pure and simple. But they are facts, not pretty fables,—facts attested for the most part by the evidence of eye-witnesses, and confirmed in many indirect ways by the secular history of Japan as we read it alike in native and in Christian authors. For in the first place there can be no doubt that children were constantly included in the edicts which proscribed their fathers and relatives for political offences, whether real or imaginary. These sentences, as we know, were relentlessly carried out, and we should have a very inadequate idea of the Japanese character in the seventeenth century, if we did not realize that with all their intense sympathy with child nature, there existed also an extraordinary ruthlessness when occasion called it forth. Captain Brinkley's presentment of this feature in the national character may be accepted without misgiving.

Ruthlessness frequently evinced towards vanquished foes was another example of the callousness educated in the *bushi* (warrior) by the scenes of bloodshed among which he lived. When, in consequence of falling under suspicion of treason, Hidetsugu, the Taikō's adopted son, was ordered to commit suicide, his wife, his concubine, and his children were all put to death without mercy by order of the Taikō. The Tokugawa chief, Iyeyasu, showed similar inclemency. After he had effected the final conquest of the Osaka party, he put to death all the relatives and surviving supporters of its leader. Certainly in thus acting the Taikō and Iyeyasu merely followed a custom approved by many generations. " Comprehensive punishment " had long been counted one of the administrator's most effective weapons. If a farmer absconded leaving his taxes unpaid and fled to another district in the hope of

finding lighter feudal burdens, his whole family, his relatives, and his friends were included in the circle of his penalty. No more profoundly pathetic spectacle presents itself in all the drama of Japanese history than the fate of the family of Sogoro, a noble farmer who because he presented a petition on behalf of his tax-burdened fellow-rustics, was crucified with his wife and two little sons. . . . It is evident that the habit of despising wounds and death, when they fell to his own lot, taught the *bushi* to deal them out to others with indifference. Cruelty in his case sprang from callousness rather than from vindictiveness. His faculty of intellectual realization had been blunted by the stoicism he was compelled to practise.¹

It is worth while, perhaps, to note that the Hidetsugu mentioned in this extract himself presented an extraordinary example of the contradictory qualities often found in the Japanese character. This potentate who had been named *Kwanbaku* (Regent), and is thus known in the Jesuit narratives as Cambacundono, was a man of many excellent qualities, of a noble presence and engaging manners, but, to quote Father Froes, "all this was obscured by a strange and most inhuman vice. He took an extraordinary pleasure in killing men, insomuch that when anyone was condemned to die he chose to be the executioner himself. He walled in a place near his palace, and set in the middle a sort of table for the criminal to lie on until he hewed him to pieces. Sometimes, also, he took them standing and split them in two. But his greatest satisfaction was to cut them off limb by limb, which he did as exactly as one can take off the leg or wing of a fowl."² It was not, however, any horror excited by this brutality which led Hideyoshi (the Taikō) to determine his destruction, but merely the fact that having now an infant son of his own, the existence of Hidetsugu, his adopted son, was an obstacle to his plans. On a mere pretext Hidetsugu was charged with some treasonable act and ordered to commit suicide. This he performed with a troop of his pages, but the bloodshed did not stop there. "Shortly after," to quote Mr. Murdoch, "all the ladies of the Regent's household, to the number of thirty-one, arrayed in their most sumptuous apparel, were sent to the common execution ground in Kyōtō and there beheaded, Hidetsugu's three children having first been executed before the eyes of their doomed mothers, while all the bodies were thrown into a hole in Sanjōmachi, over which a stone was placed with the inscription 'The Mound of Beasts.'"³

¹ Brinkley, *Japan*, vol. ii. pp. 216, 217.

² Murdoch, *History*, p. 383.

³ *Ibid.* p. 384.

It was natural that this relentless severity should engender in a manly race like the Japanese a corresponding degree of stoical fortitude, manifesting itself from childhood upwards. Bushido, which, as I have said above, is to be accounted in truth a religion rather than a code of etiquette, was explicit on the point. The principle was enforced by such a story as the following, legendary, no doubt, but testifying by its popularity to the ideals which influenced the moral education of the young Samurai.

"Is that really the head of your father?" a prince once asked of a Samurai boy of only seven years old. The child at once realized the situation. The freshly-severed head set before him was not his father's: the daimyō had been deceived, but further deception was necessary. So the lad, after having saluted the head with every sign of reverential grief, suddenly cut out his own bowels. All the prince's doubt vanished before that bloody proof of filial piety. The outlawed father was able to make good his escape; and the memory of the child is still honoured in Japanese drama and poetry.¹

It may be readily admitted that among such a people we should expect to find a constancy more than normal in facing death and torment; but this does not seem to me to detract in any appreciable degree from the value of that constancy as a proof of their sincerity as converts. A man needs to be convinced before he puts out the whole strength of his nature in any cause. No one has ever accused the Japanese of mere pigheadedness. If they were staunch in their faith it was because they understood that it was worthy of their allegiance, because in fact they had transferred to this foreign religion a large part of the loyalty which they showed toward their feudal chiefs and institutions, rendered sacrosanct by immemorial tradition. Despite the curious interest in the outside world which has always been a characteristic of the Japanese it does not seem to me that the qualities above referred to are those of a people who are readily won to new conceptions of the deeper things in life. When we are told that the martyrs suffered for a creed which they did not understand, for symbols which meant little or nothing to them, I ask to be confronted with anything which can reasonably be called a proof of this. From the letters of the missionaries which form practically the only evidence available I have for my own part derived the impression that there is not a country in modern Europe where the

¹ Lafcadio Hearn, *Kokoro*, p. 173, note.

bulk of the people are so fully instructed in the principles and practice of the Catholic faith as were the Japanese converts of the seventeenth century.

With regard to the causes of the persecution, there seems little to add to what is found in nearly all histories of the period. The disastrous suggestion that the preaching of Christianity covered a political design on the part of the Portuguese and Spaniards, and that the missionaries were merely the advance guard of a great invading army from the West, had sufficient of plausibility, and in some sense of truth, to produce the deepest resentment. The increasing laxity of morals among the Portuguese merchants, who must have seemed hitherto to have merely been wearing a mask, lent it much countenance, and the determined efforts of the Spaniards, through their Franciscan envoys from the Philippines, to secure a footing in Japan, as if they were already discounting beforehand their share in the spoils, were likely to arouse all the suspicions of that keen-sighted statesman, the Taikō Hideyoshi. Sir Ernest Satow seems inclined to lay more stress upon the last-mentioned cause than upon any other, for he writes :

Enough has been said to show that whatever the original dislike of the older Orders for the Society of Jesus, there had been for years past enough ill blood between the two nations which they represented to impart to that feeling a peculiar bitterness, which led to the only too successful attempts now made by the Franciscans to damage the good name and undermine the influence of the followers of Loyola and Xavier. It was a spectacle which we cannot doubt must have afforded intense gratification to the enemies of Christianity, and have discredited all missions alike in the eyes of the unconverted and ignorant multitude.¹

That this is to be regarded as a final verdict upon the controversy between the Religious I do not pretend to say, but a *prima facie* view of the evidence tends to confirm it in its broader outlines. It was not until the Spaniards appeared upon the scene that the serious persecution commenced. The new missionaries came avowedly in a political capacity and with the hardly veiled intention of breaking through the Portuguese monopoly of trade with Japan. There had been peace and union among all Christians up to this, and the Church had slowly but surely pushed forward her conquests, but from that day forward Christianity remained under a cloud which never

¹ Asiatic Society of Japan, *Transactions*, vol. xviii. (1890), p. 156.

entirely lifted. It is difficult not to connect this unfortunate result with the arrival of the Spanish envoys and the unfortunate indiscretions of some of their party.

In comparison with the harm effected by these internal divisions, the hostility of the Dutch and English in the early years of the seventeenth century, must probably count for little. Still, it is worth noticing, that it is not merely the Catholic missionaries, but so distinguished and impartial an authority as Sir Ernest Satow, who tells us that these Protestant traders played a very ugly part. The following, which he calls "a well-supported story of English and Dutch treachery," is from a Japanese source, and is presumably open to no suspicion of bias.

In the year 1617 (third of Genna) a Dutch vessel fell in at sea with a ship of Chinese build, and observed on board several individuals who appeared to them to be Bateren (Priests, *i.e.*, *Padre*). As the Dutch used at that time to trade to Hirado, they brought the ship in there, and reported the matter to Matsura Iki no hami, who sent information to the Governor's office at Nagasaki. Hasegawa Gonroku was at once despatched to Hirado to conduct an inquiry into the facts of the case, from which it appeared that the ship belonged to a native of Sakai in Idzumi, named Jōjin, and that she been on a trading voyage to Luçon. Several letters written in barbarian character were discovered on board, which were handed to the Hirado interpreter, Mori Sukeyemon, to be translated. They were found to be addressed from barbarous countries to Bateren who were lying concealed in Japan, and their purport was to the effect that as soon as the greater half of the Japanese nation had been converted to the Kirishitan Sect, information should at once be sent to the writers, upon which a large fleet of war-vessels should be despatched. In consequence of these facts the Bateren who had been found in the ship and Jōjin were taken prisoners to Nagasaki and there burnt, the remainder of the crew being decapitated. Rewards for their fidelity were given to the Hollanders on this occasion.¹

¹ Asiatic Society of Japan *Transactions*, vi. p. 44. Upon this passage Sir Ernest Satow makes the following comment: "The capture here spoken of is no doubt that of the Fathers Luis Flores and Pedro de Zuniga by an English vessel, the *Elizabeth*, in 1620 off the coast of Formosa. The vessel, crew and Jesuits, were transferred by the captain of the *Elizabeth* to the Dutch, who brought them in to Hirado. Jōjin is probably Joaquim, a converted Japanese, captain of the junk. It would be absurd to believe that the letters which are said to have contained information about treacherous designs on the part of the Spaniards of Manila were genuine. We know that both the English and the Dutch in those days did all in their power to prejudice the rulers of Japan against the Portuguese and Spaniards, whether missionaries or merchants, and even two centuries ago the Dutch were accused of forging a letter which purported to be written by the Portuguese Bishop

This incident happened as nearly as possible midway in the course of the half-century of active persecution which ended only, if it can be said to have ended at all, in 1643 with the extermination of every one of the alien missionaries. The most noteworthy feature of those dark years was the steady increase in cruelty and activity of the efforts directed against the Christians. It is obvious that the mere penalty of death and confiscation was found inefficacious against the resolution which they displayed. As time went on first one and then another torment was called into play. It was only in 1627 that the persecutors bethought them of the boiling springs and sulphurous fumes of Ugen. The crowning anguish of the "fosse" was not devised before 1633, and the brutal instigator of these atrocities gloried in the diabolical ingenuity which by a combination of physical and mental torture prevailed in shaking the constancy of some of the most steadfast. A lurid light is thrown upon the procedure of those final years by a document printed by Sir Ernest Satow which gives information about the defection of some of the latest of the missionaries. The writer in admitting that no impression had been produced upon certain heroic victims whom he names is at pains to apologize for the want of success. "The reason of this was that at that time there was a want of skill in inducing apostasy." He is speaking apparently of the years 1638 and 1639, but he claims that in 1643 they were much more successful.¹

Before, however, this final stage was reached, the Christians of Japan, making one last desperate effort to preserve freedom of conscience, had recourse to force. How far the Shimabara revolt may have been complicated with agrarian grievances it is hard to say. What is certain is that the vast majority of the host, numbering perhaps as many as 60,000, who fortified their

in Nagasaki to the Viceroy at Goa, and from which it appeared that the Spaniards and Portuguese had formed the design not only of converting the Japanese to Christianity, but under the cloak of religion, of bringing the whole country under their rule; and this letter, having first concealed it on board a Portuguese vessel bound for Goa, they caused to be discovered by the Japanese authorities. This story may be read in Mercklein's appendix to Caron's *Japan*, and Arnold's Annotations thereto, pp. 285 and 286, and to the discovery of the letter is attributed by Montanus those measures of the Shōgun which provoked the insurrection of Shimabara, which drew in its train the expulsion of the Portuguese from Japan in 1639." Cf. Pagés, *Histoire*, vol. i. p. 358.

¹ There is so much to be said upon the melancholy but strangely obscure problem of these apostasies that it seems better to defer the question for separate treatment, possibly in some future article.

camp at Shimabara, and openly defied the forces of the Shōgun, were Christians and that they chose Christian symbols for the banners under which they fought. Upon the details of the campaign we possess unusually ample information, for apart from the letters of the missionaries and some native accounts we have the despatches of the Dutch commander, Koeckebacker, who meanly enough, though under considerable pressure, placed the guns of his ships at the disposal of the Shōgun, and shelled the brave Christian defenders, fighting in a just war, if ever a just war existed in this world. Koeckebacker's letters are too long to quote here but it may be interesting to give the substance of a Japanese inscription which stands to this day not very far from the scene of this desperate struggle, and which has been translated of late years in the *Transactions* of the Asiatic Society of Japan. The data of the inscription are probably of no great historical value and the numbers are obviously untrustworthy, but the monument is interesting in so far as it illustrates the Japanese official point of view upon the standing of the "Christian sect." Of the stone itself we are told:

Near the village of Tomioka in Amakusa, some twenty miles from the "old Castle," there is another monument, bearing an inscription in some respects more interesting than those on the battle-field. The stone is an undressed, sea-worn one, about seven feet high, standing upon a slightly elevated grassy mound. The tradition of the place is that the Christians of the locality, captured at the "old Castle," were brought back to Tomioka, and having been condemned, were decapitated and buried there. The number, 3,333, is probably a complete number, or used to indicate a great many. Near the top of the stone is inscribed in a circle a Chinese character, used doubtless as a Buddhist mystic symbol. Beneath this is the statement, that "If any one hears [believes ?] Buddhism, he will of course become a saint" [*hotoke*].

The inscription runs as follows:

"The principles of Christianity are false, and have no other object than the seizure of the country. In China, not otherwise than in Japan, this sect has been interdicted. It appears evident that Iyeyasu formerly used severe measures in order to reform the sect, but with dissimulation they cherished evil inwardly, and neither revered Buddhism, nor obeyed the laws of the Emperor. In the end they showed their perverse hearts as is related below. Therefore, the Shōgun sent orders to the daimiōs of Kiushiu, and at that time the whole of the sect was destroyed, and the world (Japan) became tranquil. The

many ten thousand of their heads were collected, and being divided into three lots, were buried in Nagasaki, Shimabara and Amakusa. From that time the peace of the whole of Japan was sung, just as 'In the days of Shûn, they fanned the breezes of Giô, Joy! Joy!'

"Nirada Shirô, of the district of Amakusa in Higo, of Japan, was a young rebel. He established the Christian sect and made known the false doctrines everywhere. Those men and women only who were disaffected formed the party. In the winter of 1636 they destroyed Buddhist and Shintô temples, burned villages and farm houses, and passed over to the district of Shimabara in Hizen, where they prepared for siege. There were more than 31,000 of them. Their immediate object was to subvert the country. Therefore all the daimiôs of the land hastened to the battle-field, and by night and day, by sea and land, the fighting did not cease. Finally, at the end of the next spring, they made a breach upon the castle, and slew and captured the evil company, great multitudes. But there was a remnant of the sect not destroyed. In this village of this district there were 3,333 heads collected and buried, making one grave. The honourable Governor, Suzuki Shigenari, a distant descendant of Nomi Daijin Shigetoku, who was the chief of the retainers of Kumano Gongen, being a worthy and estimable person, is moreover benevolent and just, and besides skilled in arms and a man of learning. His Excellency seeing the mound grave of these people, and pitying the many thousand evil spirits wandering in pain, performed the meritorious act of setting up this monument. I earnestly pray that by his good works every one of these spirits may forthwith become a saint (*hotoke*), and prove the benefit of being purified in hades." (There follow four lines of poetry.)

"The twenty-fifth of the seventh month of the fifth year of Seihô" (1648).

"Written by Priest Chinkaso."¹

After Shimabara the Christians for the most part seem to have despaired. Portuguese and Spanish vessels were rigorously excluded from all the harbours. The Dutch, who alone were privileged to trade, were confined to a small island in a single port. From them, as from all suspected natives, the test of *E-fumi*, the trampling upon the cross, or rather upon some kind of Christian *ikon*, was rigorously exacted. It became impossible for Catholic missionaries to find any means of passage to the Japanese empire. All detected Christians in Japan itself were tortured until they apostatized or were put to death. Yet even under these circumstances the extermination of Christianity was not effected at once. Sir Ernest Satow has published a number of interesting references to the work of the

¹ Asiatic Society of Japan, *Transactions*, vol. vii. p. 189, seq.

Kirishitan-bugiō (commissioners for the detection of Christians) during the latter part of the seventeenth century. Even as late as 1658 it would seem that some hundreds of Christians were proceeded against in various localities, and that in the neighbourhood of Nagasaki eighty per cent. were ordered to be decapitated. We do not learn very much of definite arrests or their number; but one thing is clear, that the utmost vigilance was resolutely maintained. Such a document as the following is very instructive:

The year 1655 [says Sir Ernest Satow] produced a renewal of the proclamation by which rewards were offered for the discovery of missionaries and converts. It runs as follows: "Although the Kirishitan sect has been repeatedly prohibited, yet at every change of ruler it is right to issue a decree that rigid scrutiny must be made without cessation. Of course every suspicious person must be informed against. Formerly 200 pieces of silver were given to one who denounced a Father (Bateren), and 100 pieces to him who denounced a Brother (Iruman). Henceforward the following rewards will be given:

To the denouncer of a Father	300 pieces of silver.
To the denouncer of a Brother	200 pieces of silver.
To the denouncer of a catechist or of a member of the sect	50 pieces of silver.

If concealment be practised, and the fact be discovered through some other channel, the other members of the offender's company-of-five will be considered guilty of an offence. This is therefore notified."

This decree was repeated in 1658, 1661, 1664, 1671, 1678, and 1682, in nearly the same terms. In 1711 the rewards above enumerated were increased to 500 pieces for a Father, 300 for a Brother, 100 for a catechist or member of "the sect," and a further reward of 300 offered for the discovery of persons who, after apostatizing from Christianity, had been re-converted. Catechists or converts who turned evidence against missionaries or their own class, were to receive 500 pieces, according to the value of their information, and in case of concealment punishment was likewise threatened against the mayor of the village, the other members of the company-of-five to which the person guilty of concealment belonged, and against his relations. These edicts might still be seen on the public notice-boards of every village up to the year 1868.¹

No stronger evidence of the impression which Christianity had left upon the people could well be produced than the fact that any traces of the proscribed religion should have survived

¹ Asiatic Society of Japan, *Transactions*, vol. vi. p. 51.

such measures of repression. And yet in certain localities the old beliefs and practices were still handed down. Miss Caddell, writing in 1856, before any modern missionary had set foot in the country, mentions that the Chinese maintained that Christianity in Japan was not entirely defunct, that a market for Christian pictures and objects of piety still existed there, and that the people retained a knowledge of the Ten Commandments. In 1858 Japan, at the instance of the French Government, was at last opened to Catholic missionaries, but even then progress was slow and caution very necessary. It was not until some few years later that Mgr. Petitjean, who afterwards became the first Bishop of Japan in the newly-founded Catholic community at Nagasaki, came upon the scattered remnants of that faithful Christian band who linked the restored Church with the converts of St. Francis Xavier. We must allow him to tell the touching story in his own oft-quoted words :

Scarce a month had elapsed since the benediction of the church at Nagasaki. On March 17, 1865, about half-past twelve, some fifteen persons were standing at the church door. Urged no doubt by my Angel Guardian, I went up and opened the door. I had scarce time to say a *Pater* when three women between fifty and sixty years of age knelt down beside me, and said in a low voice, placing their hand upon their heart :

"The hearts of all of us here do not differ from yours."

"Indeed !" I exclaimed. "Whence do you come ?"

They mentioned their village, adding : "At home everybody is the same as we are !"

Blessed be Thou, O my God ! for all the happiness which filled my soul. What a compensation for five years of barren ministry ! Scarce had our dear Japanese opened their hearts to us than they displayed an amount of trustfulness which contrasts strangely with the behaviour of their pagan brethren. I was obliged to answer all their questions, and talk to them of *O Deus Sama*, *O Yaso Sama*, and *Santa Maria Sama*, by which names they designate God, Jesus Christ, and the Blessed Virgin. The view of the statue of the Madonna and Child recalled Christmas to them, which they said they had celebrated in the eleventh month. They asked me if we were not at the seventeenth day of the Time of Sadness (*i.e.*, Lent) ; nor was St. Joseph unknown to them ; they call him *O Yaso Samana yo fu*, "the adoptive father of our Lord." In the midst of this volley of questions footsteps were heard ; immediately all dispersed. But as soon as the new-comers were recognized all returned, laughing at their fright.

"They are people of our village," they said. "They have the same hearts as we have."

However, we had to separate for fear of awakening the suspicions of the officials, whose visit I feared. On Maundy Thursday and Good Friday, April 13th and 14th, 1,500 people visited the church of Nagasaki. The presbytery was invaded; the faithful took the opportunity to satisfy their devotion before the crucifix and the statues of our Lady. During the early days of May the missionaries learnt of the existence of 2,500 Christians scattered in the neighbourhood of the city. On May 15th there arrived delegates from an island not very far from here. After a short interview we dismissed them, detaining only the Catechist and the leader of the pilgrimage. The Catechist, named Peter, gave us the most valuable information. Let me first say that his formula for baptism does not differ at all from ours, and that he pronounces it very distinctly. He declares that there are many Christians left up and down all over Japan. He cited in particular one place where there are over 1,000 Christian families. He then asked us about the Great Chief of the Kingdom of Rome, whose name he desired to know. When I told him that the Vicar of Christ, the saintly Pope Pius IX., would be very happy to learn the consoling news given us by himself and his fellow-countrymen, he gave full expression to his joy. Nevertheless, before leaving he wished to make quite sure that we were the true successors of the ancient missionaries.

"Have you no children?" he asked timidly.

"You and all your brethren are all the children God has given us. Other children we cannot have. The priest must, like the first Apostles, remain all his life unmarried."

At this reply Peter and his companions bent their heads down to the ground and cried out: "They are celibate. Thank God."¹

One word may be added in confirmation of the accuracy of this marvellous discovery. In a discussion which took place at a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Japan at Tōkyō in 1877, a Protestant missionary stated that the survival of Christianity in the neighbourhood of Nagasaki was proved by the retention in the language of such words as Crucifix, Maria, Santa, Padre, and others. He had accidentally observed a boy making the sign of the cross, and on cross-questioning him had discovered the existence of these and other remnants of Christian tradition.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ I have borrowed this translation from the admirable article on Japan published by the present Bishop of Salford some few years back in the *Dublin Review*, and subsequently issued as a pamphlet by the Catholic Truth Society. It is called *The Catholic Church in Japan*.

Honour's Glassy Bubble.

A STORY OF THREE GENERATIONS.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER IV.

GISELLA.

LONA had been eleven years old at the time of her brother Duncan's death, and it was but a few months later that Mabel, with a heavy heart, made up her mind to send her daughter to school, although aware that her life would henceforth be yet more lonely and desolate than it had been before. Hitherto she had directed Lona's education herself, without requiring or desiring other assistance, and had found in such duties a welcome distraction from many secret worries and anxieties. But now she could no longer blind herself to the fact that Castle Stillberg was not the fit place for a young girl, and that however carefully she might strive to guard her against pernicious influences, it was not possible that Lona, a singularly wide awake and observant child, should avoid seeing and hearing many things unfit for her innocent eyes and ears, and drawing conclusions that, whichever way they chanced to fall out, could only be disastrous to her character; it being almost equally undesirable that she should learn to condemn, as to admire her grandfather's principles.

Attila, somewhat unexpectedly, raised no objection when Mabel acquainted him with her desire to send Lona to a boarding-school near Munich for a period of five or six years. He had never bestowed much attention upon his grand-daughter, who to him was merely a girl and as such could exercise no direct influence upon the fates of the Hunvalagi race.

To Bavaria accordingly Lona was sent, where after the first inevitable phase of home-sickness she settled down quietly enough to her new surroundings, finding in the hitherto unknown companionship of other girls and the emulation of

common study ample compensation for what she had lost. During the space of four whole years she did not return to Stillberg, but spent the yearly vacations in some quiet country place in Bavaria or Tyrol, whither her mother repaired each summer in order to enjoy the brief luxury of a few weeks with the only child that she could regard as belonging entirely to herself.

But when Lona was fifteen years old this programme was changed for the first time, as a family event of some importance made her presence at home desirable.

Angus—now her sole remaining brother—was going to be married, and he as well as her grandfather had desired that Lona should take part in the ceremony as bridesmaid.

Angus was barely twenty-four years old when he met his fate in the person of Gisella Bako, to whom he lost his heart on the very first occasion of their meeting accidentally at the Styrian watering-place of Römerbad. The match was quickly arranged, an early marriage being ardently desired by old Attila for his grandson, in whom now rested the sole hope of continuing the long and glorious line of Hunvalagis. Moreover, the bride was a Hungarian, a fact in itself, more than sufficient to outweigh the disadvantage of her lack of all dowry; neither did he consider it necessary to inquire very closely into such minor details as character and antecedents.

Gisella Bako was one of the most perfect types of that brilliant, sensuous, gipsy style of beauty frequently to be met with in Hungary, examples of which we find strewn over the land like so many glowing tropical flowers, too brilliant in hue and too potent in perfume to please a super-fastidious taste.

A wealth of feverish and fitful passion slumbered in the coal-black eyes set in a face whose voluptuous curves seemed to reach their fullest expression in the full and pouting crimson lips, that reminded one of a scarce opened pomegranate blossom. The hair worn in a short thick crop of jet-black curls gave a slightly boyish touch to her appearance, forming a piquant contrast to the full swelling lines of neck and bosom. Gisella was moreover a graceful and proficient adept in all masculine and gymnastic exercises. She rode like a young centauress, could bring down a running stag at 200 paces, and danced the national Csardas with that languishing grace, that intoxicating fire, that voluptuous abandonment, of which only the daughters of the Puszta have the secret.

Being an orphan with no near relatives to give her away, it had been arranged for the convenience of all parties, that the marriage was to take place at Castle Stillberg.

Lona arriving home a week before the wedding was met at the station by her mother, who even at the first hurried glance appeared considerably aged and altered since last year. There were far more silver threads in the once golden hair, and the network of tiny folds on the white forehead had now deepened and multiplied.

"Have you been ill, mother? What is the matter?" asked Lona, drawing back from Mabel's embrace in order the better to scan the signs that were written on that beloved countenance.

"Nothing is the matter, my child," returned the mother, forcing a smile. "But only just this terrible heat, and the preparations for the wedding have made me feel a bit weary. And then last night I could hardly sleep at all for the joy of knowing that you were coming to-day."

"Darling mammy!" exclaimed Lona, impulsively seizing Mabel in her arms. "Why cannot I remain here always with you? I am nearly fifteen, and have learnt so much already. You have really no idea how wise I feel! Why, I got three prizes last examination, and I was first more than once in the compositions for philosophy. What more can I possibly require to learn?"

"Do not ask me, Lona. You know that it was settled that you are to remain away until you are seventeen. Two more years at school will give the finish to your education, and by that time you will, I trust, be strong enough in character to have formed your own opinions and not to change whatever may come to pass. But for your brother's marriage and your grandfather's desire that you should be present at the ceremony, I should never have consented to have you here now."

"Then I wish Angus would marry every year so that I might have a real holiday at home!" exclaimed Lona, as with the irrelevant *insouciance* of youth she plunged away into a fresh topic. "How delightful it will be to have a sister-in-law, almost as good as a real sister. Tell me more about her, mamma. She must be awfully pretty if she is like the photograph Angus sent me—all the girls at school were in love with it. Do you think she will allow me to call her Gisella? And is her hair really quite, quite black?"

"Yes, she is quite as pretty as the photograph—and her hair

is black," said Mabel, without much enthusiasm. "And she is very lively and amusing—and—well you will see for yourself presently."

"And is she very fond of Angus? as fond as you were of dear papa?"

"How could she help loving Angus?" returned the mother in a tone wherein stubborn maternal pride and secret anxiety were blent in a fashion too complex to be read by her daughter. "Is not Angus the handsomest man to be seen in the country? Where else would you find such a magnificent form, such perfect features? Does he not resemble a young demi-god amidst a herd of common mortals in whatsoever society he appears? How then could Gisella help loving him? No, it is impossible—quite impossible!" she added half to herself, as though she was endeavouring to argue out some knotty point that obstinately refused to be disentangled.

As the carriage turned into the long avenue of lime-trees leading to the castle, the approaching sound of merry voices and light-hearted laughter struck in upon their ears, and almost simultaneously, issuing from a side walk, there shot past them a party of four gentlemen and a girl mounted upon cycles.

"A race! a race!" cried the lady, flourishing aloft a red carnation that had been stuck in her belt. "Whoever wins it shall have this carnation to wear in his buttonhole to-night."

Thus incited three of the gentlemen bent over their wheels and flew down the avenue after the fair enticer, who might have stood model for a picture of Circe luring on foolish mortals to their destruction. Only the fourth man, who happened to be Valentine Rack, did not alter his pace. It was against his principles ever to put himself to inconvenience without necessity, and he particularly disliked getting overheated before dinner.

Although there was no longer any apparent reason for Herr Rack's presence at Castle Stillberg, since Angus had completed his education some years previously, yet he had by this time contrived to make himself so indispensable to all its inmates, except one, that his position had come to be regarded as a sinecure. Old Attila knew nothing and cared less about literature, but it had required small diplomacy to make him understand that a new and elaborate history of the Huns—his glorious ancestors—built up upon the family tree of the Hunvalagis would be an extremely valuable and desirable object. The compilation of this history would present great difficulties, as Valentine took

care incidentally to explain ; and would probably occupy a considerable number of years, but he was ready to make the sacrifice of his valuable time in order to oblige his patron. Thus it came to be generally understood that the hours Herr Rack spent shut up amongst his books were mostly devoted to grave historical research, and no one had any interest in seeking to discover why so many yellow-backed novels, bearing the names of such authors as Belot and Maupassant, were to be found cheek by jowl with dusty chronicles and bulky folios. When not engaged in study, Herr Rack, as hitherto, was always excellent company, ready for any sport or diversion, and equally at home whether reading sentimental poetry to a romantic young lady, or holding his own on the fencing-ground or in noisy Bacchanalia. Although by taste and temperament no great drinker, yet no amount of wine consumed on convivial occasions was ever known to dim his intelligence, or make him lose command of his temper.

Meanwhile, long before the carriage containing Lona and her mother had reached the end of the avenue, the cyclists had arrived, and, grouped about the entrance, were engaged in a noisy hubbub of playful banter and mock skirmishing.

The lady, now dismounted from her wheel, was standing on the topmost doorstep in an attitude of provocative coquetry ; attired in a cycling costume of maize-coloured blouse and brown cloth pantaloons that revealed every line of her graceful, snake-like figure. The little silk jockey cap, that sat so impertinently upon her close-cropped curls, had fallen off, her eyes were sparkling, and her cheeks brightly flushed with mischief, no less than exertion, as she dangled the red flower tantalizingly in front of two rival claimants for the prize.

"No, Angus, no," she said, shaking her pretty head with a petulant frown at her bridegroom, as he would have taken the carnation from her by force. "Justice above everything, and I tell you it was a dead heat between you and Herr von Bamberg, so you shall each have exactly half of the flower."

With an expression of mock demureness she raised the carnation to her lips, and with her small flashing teeth, white and even as those of a wild cat, severed the blood-red blossom in twain ; after which, with affected gravity, she proceeded to bestow a mutilated half upon each of the claimants.

A shade of annoyance had passed over Angus' handsome brow, but it was gone the next moment, as Gisella, quick

to divine what was passing in his mind, raised herself on tiptoe in order to whisper in his ear :

"Don't be silly, dear old boy. You know that I hate all these stupid people, but I must be civil to your grandfather's guests. You shall have something far better than a flower as soon as we are alone. Meet me in the summer-house behind the terrace in half an hour. I am going to put on my pink silk frock with the low bodice to-night ; your mother evidently disapproves of the *façon*, as being cut too low for her Puritanical English taste, but you at least will have no reason to agree with her."

When half an hour later Gisella, attired in a sheeny pink fabric that fitted without a wrinkle to her undulating form, while freely displaying the uncovered arms and neck, was tripping downstairs to keep the appointed tryst with her bridegroom before dinner, she happened to meet Valentine Rack on his way upstairs to change his coat. He would have passed her with a silent bow, but Gisella was one of those women who are constitutionally unable to endure anything like disregard of their charms and presence.

"Why did you not join the race just now ? Would you not have liked to win the carnation ?" she asked abruptly, standing still on the staircase in a posture which happened to display the little foot and slender ankle, encased in a filmy, network stocking.

"I disapprove of racing before meals ; it is detrimental to the digestion," returned Herr Rack, with impenetrable gravity. "And I am no great admirer of carnations at any time. Their perfume is just a little too strong—too pronounced for my taste."

Still Gisella was not satisfied. Was this red-haired, freckled German really such an oyster as to be insensible to her beauty, indifferent to her favours ? Such a thing had not yet occurred within her experience. Certainly there was nothing prepossessing about the man ; his conquest must necessarily be a matter of indifference to her—the radiant young bride, on the eve of contracting a brilliant match with a superlatively handsome man, over head and ears in love with her ; yet somehow it would be intolerable to feel that this conquest lay out of her reach.

"You are difficult to please," she said, pouting, as descending a further step and then standing still again, she gave Rack an excellent opportunity of contemplating the creamy lustre of

her bare neck and shoulders. "Then what sort of flowers do you like, if you do not care for carnations?"

Valentine Rack was fast approaching the age when soft living and good cheer are apt to carry the day over more ethereal pleasures; when a well-dressed saddle of venison appears more attractive than the most exquisitely dressed woman, and the precise hue of a mayonnaise sauce more important than details of feminine hair and complexion; but he had played the rake too much in his day to have forgotten the delicate tricks of the trade; and he knew full well that the surest recipe for arousing a woman's interest is to affect indifference. He did not greatly admire his late pupil's bride, as belonging to a type too bold and flashing entirely to satisfy his super-fastidious and Epicurean taste; yet handsome she undoubtedly was, and it could not but flatter his masculine vanity to realize that this brilliant young creature was actually piqued and provoked because of his coldness. It was accordingly with a rather exaggerated assumption of carelessness that he now replied:

"Yes, I am difficult to please, I know; and as to flowers, I have always preferred those that grow out of reach."

Gisella indulged in a mocking little laugh, perhaps in order to mask whatever discomfiture she may have felt.

"Really? Then what of my poor despised little carnation if it had happened to be growing high up on a dangerous precipice?"

"Why, then it would have been a rock-carnation instead of a mere tame garden flower, and there would be some glory in seeking to pluck it."

"What is a rock-carnation? I have never seen one. Do they grow in these parts?" inquired Gisella, in as child-like and artless a manner as though nothing further than a mere botanical detail was in her thoughts.

Herr Rack condescended to explain that *Dianthus Carthusianorum* was the Latin name of the flower in question; but Gisella had still half a dozen queries to put, being seized apparently with a perfect fever for botanical knowledge, so that ten minutes later she was still standing on the staircase plunged in a conversation which perhaps was not exclusively of a scientific nature.

But suddenly in the midst of a phrase Gisella broke off with an exclamation of surprise. She had chanced to look up, and

there on the landing above was standing Lona, a white-robed figure, over-slender and angular with the immaturity of first youth, gazing down with solemn, childish eyes at a scene the meaning of which eluded her innocent comprehension.

"My little sister-in-law!" exclaimed Gisella, as springing up the steps she enfolded the girl in an effusive embrace, beginning to talk at a great rate perhaps by way of covering the embarrassment caused by her ignorance of how long precisely Lona had been standing there, and what she might or might not have overheard. "Give me another kiss, child, and let me look at you, for we are going to be great friends, are we not? It is easy to see that you have just come out of school, by the way your frock is made. Fancy dressing a girl like that! Swaddling her up to the chin in white muslin, as if she were a baby going to be christened. But your hair is perfectly lovely, my dear; such long thick plaits. Why, I would give my ears to have only one of them. Perhaps it is a pity I cut off mine two years ago—only it was never as long as yours, and everyone tells me that this mop of curls suits my style to perfection."

Angus meanwhile was pacing the summer-house behind the terrace in a state of irritated impatience, consulting his watch every half-minute, and wondering why Gisella was taking so long to dress to-night. Such moments of wounded susceptibility had not been infrequent during the past weeks, and he had often had occasion inwardly to chafe at the briefness and rarity of the *tête-à-têtes* accorded to him by his dashing young bride. Deeply in love for the first time in his life, and worshipping the very ground she trod upon, he could not endure to be compelled to share her with a houseful of guests for ever monopolizing her attention and claiming her notice in some preposterous fashion. He loathed the numerous riding, cycling, and tennis-parties, where he could not have her to himself. It was agony to see her shake hands with another man, and every smile that had some one else for its object was felt as a robbery from himself. Times innumerable he had been on the point of asserting his rights in imperious fashion; of telling her to make her choice between her duty to him, her affianced bridegroom, and those other casual flirtations that seemed to have become almost second nature to her; and on each occasion it had required but the touch of her hand, a

murmured caress, in order to render his captivity yet more absolute. He was still too deeply, too absolutely in love to see very clearly or judge impartially; and like all strong men since the days of Samson and Delila, the very intensity of his passion rendered him soft as wax and weak as water in the hands of his mistress.

So too on this occasion, when Gisella, flushed and panting, arrived at the trysting-place just as the dinner bell was ringing, all his resentment melted away like dew-drops in the sun before the intoxicating light of her presence.

"Where have you been, Gisella? And why have you kept me again waiting like yesterday? You know how greedily, how hungrily I have been counting the minutes till you came?" he said with a whole world of tender reproach in his voice. "You promised to be here at seven, and it is now half-past."

"And so I would have come at seven. I was already dressed, but then I was interrupted and could not get away till now," returned Gisella, dropping her eyes with consummate art.

"Interrupted! Really, Gisella, you might remember what is due to me a little more strictly. Which of those other fellows has been daring to monopolize your time?"

"Guess!" she saucily retorted. "And you shall have three kisses if your shot is correct."

Angus frowned.

"I am in no jesting mood, Gisella, and I have no talent for guessing enigmas. Will you answer my question plainly or not?"

She broke into one of her most irresistible peals of silvery laughter, clapping her hands with childish glee.

"You foolish, cantankerous old boy! Why, it was your own sister Lona who detained me. I met her on the staircase, so of course I had to stop and make acquaintance. There, are you satisfied? And though now you really don't deserve it a bit, you may take the three kisses I promised you."

But when he had taken her in his arms, with sudden passion straining her slender figure to him with a fierce force that almost choked her breath, Gisella, surprised and startled, strove to disengage herself from his embrace. This sort of love was decidedly too deep and solemn to be wholly congenial; and giddy though she was, some passing wave of intuition may have revealed to her butterfly mind that a strong man's passion might under circumstances become inconvenient.

"Stop, Angus! You are hurting me and ruining my frock!" she pleaded nervously, as soon as speech had again become possible; and a few moments later she added, looking up at him half apprehensively through her long black lashes, "Why did you hold me so tight just now? Do you know that I felt almost afraid of you? Tell me, Angus, do you really care for me so very much?"

Angus had now released his hold of her, and was leaning back against the wall of the summer-house, his face very pale, as though exhausted by the tempest of emotion, and it was in a strange husky whisper, quite unlike his usual voice, that he replied:

"Yes, Gisella, I love you so well that I should like to shut you up in a high tower and keep the key in my pocket, so that I alone would be able to gaze upon you; I love you so dearly that I would infinitely rather strangle you with my own hands, than see you in the arms of another man!"

Three days later the marriage took place, and as they walked down the aisle of the village church together after the nuptial benediction, everyone agreed that such a handsome and well-matched couple had never been seen there before. Tall and erect in his blue and gold uniform as reserve officer of the hussar regiment to which he nominally belonged, with the sunshine of happiness illuminating and enhancing the perfect symmetry of his features, Angus looked indeed, as his mother had said, a young demi-god, throwing all his compeers into insignificant shadow,—while as to his bride's grace and beauty there could not be two opinions, although her whole personality appeared strangely at variance with the solemnity of the occasion. She had tripped into the church with as light and airy a step as though entering a ball-room, and her black eyes seen through the floating white veil were glowing like live coals, as though they would presently burn two holes through its ethereal fabric.

Besides this brilliant and disturbing apparition few persons save her mother had leisure to observe how sweet Lona looked in her bridesmaid's frock of light transparent green that made her resemble a fair young Dryad, peeping out with half-shy, half-wistful curiosity at the large unknown world lying beyond her native forest sanctuaries.

CHAPTER V.

MR. BUSH.

SOME children cannot be shown a new toy without burning to discover what its inside is like, and some women are so constructed that they find it impossible to rest until they have tested their power over every male individual with whom they are thrown in contact.

Thus, when after an absence of four weeks, the new married pair returned to Castle Stillberg, Gisella, on the first evening after her arrival came down to dinner with a bunch of rock-carnations, which she had been at some trouble to procure, stuck in the front of her creamy lace bodice; and although she affected scarcely to notice Herr Rack's distantly respectful bow, his practised eye easily penetrated the shallow comedy, and he knew that, despite this careful assumption of indifference, she was watching him with catlike vigilance, trying to discover what construction he had put upon her coquettish action.

All the guests assembled at Castle Stillberg on the occasion of the wedding had long since departed, leaving none but the family party within its walls, composed besides old Attila of only Mabel, her daughter, and the *ci-devant* tutor. And soon the party would be yet further diminished, for the end of Lona's vacation was approaching, and by the middle of September she would be back at school in Germany.

Yes, Castle Stillberg would be very, very quiet indeed, and bid fair fully to deserve its name, thought Gisella, and she sometimes fell to wondering how it would be possible to get through the long dreary winter months with no prospect of other companions than an inconveniently adoring husband, a serious and reserved mother-in-law in whose sad, searching eyes she seemed always to read some undefined reproach, and a septuagenarian father-in-law whose health was no longer equal to the continual strain entailed by noisy conviviality, however little his tastes and principles had been modified by old age.

As for Angus, completely metamorphosed since his marriage, he had lost all attraction towards his former boon companions and their turbulent diversions. Perhaps it was Love that had wrought this miracle, or else it may be that the blood of his German and English ancestors, held in check for a time by the inherited instincts of a more barbarous race, was resuming its

supremacy and unconsciously changing his view of life. The placid existence of a landed proprietor who lives and dies upon his own estate, improving the condition of his fields and forests, and securing the prosperity of his peasants, in the sweet companionship of a beloved wife, whose tastes would of course be identical with his own, had now become his secret ideal of perfect bliss. What need of other society now that he had secured the lifelong companionship of the one adored and desirable being? Was not Gisella a whole world in herself, and what more could the happy mortal desire who had won her for his own? They would share every joy and sorrow, and by-and-bye a flock of rosy children would grow up around them to be the delight of their parents' eyes and knit their hearts yet closer together.

Thus plunged in a delicious love ecstasy, Angus dreamt as many another deluded man had dreamt before him of an earthly paradise to which he alone, favoured above his deserts, had found the key.

Such was his mental blindness in the weeks and months following upon his marriage, that he was incapable of detecting the slightest flaw in his idol, and of realizing how ludicrously unqualified she was for the part she was expected to play.

But if Angus was blind, not so other people, and even Lona's ignorant eyes saw many things which perplexed her childish brain, and which, when some weeks later she left Castle Stillberg, caused her to carry away with her a dim foreboding of life's hitherto unrealized complications and incongruities.

Before this took place, however, the circle at Castle Stillberg received an addition through the visit of an old gentleman whose acquaintance the young couple had made during the course of their recent wedding journey.

This honeymoon tour had taken the newly-married pair through some of the loveliest scenery in Upper Austria, whose beauties, however, were entirely thrown away on both parties, for if Gisella yawned undisguisedly in presence of the most dazzling mountain panorama and the greenest of lakes, and only derived a little spurious consolation from the contemplation and criticism of other women's *toilettes* at the *table d'hôte*, to Angus every landscape that contained his wife's figure in the foreground would have appeared equally beautiful just then, whether it happened to be the desert of Sahara or the grandest tracts of the country of the Alps.

In the course of their peregrinations, a somewhat longer halt had been made at Ischl, that pearl of Upper Austria, whose esplanade in the height of the season is transformed into a sort of cosmopolitan Vanity Fair. There, in addition to the generous supply of rich Vienna Jewish families that constitute the regular and unfailing *pièce de resistance* of the society, members of all European and of many Transatlantic races may be met with cheek by jowl; while the murmur of every conceivable known and unknown language mingles with the sad, sweeping gurgle of the green waters of the Traun.

Gisella—who was beginning to weary of the long unbroken *tête-à-têtes* unavoidable in less populous resting-places—found in Ischl the conditions of life that suited her to perfection. The crowded esplanade with its vulgar throng of over-dressed occupants, was to her a delightful relief, a smiling oasis in the monotonous desert of a cheerless honeymoon. It was a pity to be sure that they had found here no old acquaintances, and that Angus seemed entirely disinclined to the idea of making any new ones, as might so easily have been done; but yet there was a good deal of mild enjoyment to be derived from watching the effect produced by her appearance upon the strangers they met, for to read admiration clearly expressed in a pair of perfectly unknown masculine eyes was a sensation the delight of which could only be equalled by the envy as often inadequately masked on a coldly disdainful female countenance. Every meal taken in a public restaurant she regarded as a convenient stage whereon to display her whole *repertoire* of second-rate coquettish graces, and to her frivolous spirit it was rapture untold to be able to exchange a sustained discharge of provocative *allades* with some stranger in her vicinity, under the very nose of her serenely unsuspecting husband.

Thus it fell out one day that, happening to enter the dining-room of the restaurant somewhat later than usual, Gisella found the table they usually occupied already taken by a rubicund-faced old gentleman upon whom a luxuriant crop of stiff iron-grey hair, small beady black eyes, and round back and shoulders, combined to bestow a fleeting and intangible resemblance to a very wide awake and chronically surprised porcupine.

Gisella was much provoked by this untoward circumstance, this being her favourite table, from the admirable opportunities it afforded of observing the habits and manners of a group of officers dining alongside. Now they would be forced for to-day

to content themselves with the sole remaining unoccupied table in a window embrasure, whence nothing more exhilarating than a view of pine-clad mountain slopes with the green, rushing river as foreground was to be obtained. In audible language she gave vent to her indignation, standing still in the middle of the crowded dining-room, with her little pearl-grey leather boot angrily tapping the polished oak floor, and her black eyes casting vicious glances in the direction of the intruder, as though with their flashing fire she would gladly have annihilated him then and there in revenge for his outrageous audacity. Perhaps she had hoped that he would offer to vacate his seat in their favour as soon as he had grasped the situation. But in this assumption Gisella was lamentably mistaken; for the old gentleman went on eating his rump-steak *à la maréchale* in serene indifference to all this petty display of feminine indignation, selecting each morsel with a certain business-like attention and deliberation, as though he desired to make quite sure of what he was eating, and was determined to get full value for his money.

Seeing herself foiled in this quarter, the lady turned the missiles of her wrath against the hapless waiter.

"Surely you should know us by this time, since we have dined here for the last week!" she said in a voice trembling with shrill indignation. "Baron and Baroness Hunvalagistillberg, that is our name, and this is the only table that I care to have. If you cannot undertake to keep it reserved we shall not come here again."

The man, embarrassed and helpless, plunged into a whole whirlpool of fluent and illogical excuses. An unfortunate oversight that should not again occur; he had supposed that the Herr Baron and Frau Baronin had already left Ischl, and he had firmly intended to keep the table for them. But, indeed, to-morrow there should be no mistake if only they were not to be deprived of the honour and delight of their illustrious presence—with much more to the same effect.

During Gisella's speech, plainly audible to all occupants of adjacent tables, the unconscious cause of this agitation, suddenly looked up from his half-consumed rump-steak and fixed upon Angus and his wife a glance of unmistakable interest and curiosity, that was in marked contrast with his former attitude of indifference. This passed unnoticed by Angus, who happened to be looking in another direction, but Gisella's eyes

and those of the stranger met full for a moment, and she vaguely wondered at the meaning of this steady, piercing gaze, for although well accustomed to reading the recognition of her charms in the eyes of the other sex, this particular old gentleman scarcely looked the man to be easily influenced by a pretty face.

And yet what other inference could be put upon the old gentleman's extraordinary behaviour? thought Gisella, as soon as the conclusion was irresistibly borne in upon her that he had undoubtedly singled her out as an object of special attention. On the day following the episode just narrated, Angus and Gisella coming to dine found their favourite place duly reserved for them, but at the next table, previously occupied by the two cavalry officers whose vicinity had appeared so desirable to Gisella, now sat the self-same rubicund old gentleman, serenely indifferent to the fact that his presence in the new position was no more welcome than it had been the day before. And wherever they went during the next few days, the round, curved back and porcupine-like visage of the stranger was sure to be visible in their immediate vicinity, shadowing their movements and dogging their footsteps, with the patient persistency of a lover or a detective. And since there was nothing to detect about either of them, reasoned Gisella with true feminine logic, why of course it must be love that regulated his eccentric conduct.

Having reached this entirely satisfactory conclusion, Gisella in her turn began to bestow more serious attention upon her supposed admirer, and from the close proximity of their dining-tables she was enabled to control and verify every detail of the stranger's daily *menu*. His dishes were always selected with grave thought and deliberation, and he regularly consumed his half-bottle of champagne at every meal—but before beginning to eat he had a curious habit of taking out his large, heavy, old-fashioned gold watch and laying it on the table in front of his plate—as though he were accustomed to eat against time, and could only afford to put aside a certain number of minutes for the enjoyment of gastronomic pleasures.

After observing these performances for several days, Gisella, whose curiosity was now keenly excited, took an opportunity of cross-questioning the head-waiter on the subject. Who and what was this curious old gentleman who, after ordering his dinner with such careful deliberation, found it necessary or

desirable to regulate the minutes bestowed on its consumption? What was his name? And where did he come from?

"An English millionaire," returned the man, speaking with that accent of profound veneration that wealth always evokes in menial souls. He was quite *fabelhaft reich*, it was said, and his name was Brush or Bush, or something of the sort.

The name was entirely unknown to both Angus and Gisella, but the fact of his being a millionaire naturally served to enhance the latter's interest in the stranger. To be sure, being now married, and therefore *hors concours*, she had no particular use for a millionaire just at present—but still one could never tell—and as to some women it has become second nature to regard everything through the powerful lens of an overweening vanity—so Gisella's confidence in her own charms was distinctly raised and fortified by the consciousness that an old and ugly millionaire had lost his heart to her.

Having reached this point in her cogitations, Gisella's ingenious brain began to cast about in search of some mode of communication with this too diffident admirer, who so evidently lacked the courage or wit to devise an opportunity for himself. She must let him understand that she did not in the least object to being adored in this discreetly delicate fashion, and even should his admiration hanker after some more palpable and realistic mode of expression, her wifely virtue and dignity would be nowise outraged thereby. She remembered how the casual acquaintance of a rich Jewish banker met at Tatra Fured had resulted in the gift of a handsome gold bracelet concealed in a box of chocolate pralines—a most satisfactory return surely for the few ravishing smiles she had condescended to bestow upon his repulsive personality. Applying therefore the same measure to the present case, might not some such equally agreeable result be expected to accrue from a skilful management of the situation? And surely an English millionaire's admiration would not express itself through any baser medium than a pearl necklace, or at the very least a pair of diamond solitaires?

It was therefore after mature reflection that Gisella concocted the following elegant little note, which with a tea-rosebud—matching those which were stuck in her belt that day—was discovered by the Englishman in his *serviette* towards the end of the week that had brought about their first meeting.

Your interest has not passed unnoticed, and is cordially returned. Try to find an opportunity of accosting us this afternoon. We shall be in the Curgarten when the band is playing, and I shall contrive to keep a vacant chair beside me. This rosebud will tell you who I am, though that is surely unnecessary, and I shall be pleased to receive a sprig of Alpenrose or Edelweiss in return as a pledge of your esteemed friendship.

Angus, whose back was turned towards the stranger, saw and suspected nothing of this little by-play, but Gisella, while affecting to be engrossed in the discussion of her trout mayonnaise, was anxiously scanning the Englishman's mien and expression, as slowly and deliberately he proceeded to put on his gold-rimmed spectacles and read the missive. By no glance or gesture, however, did he betray either surprise or delight at this unexpected favour, which either of those hussar lieutenants over there would surely have gone down upon his knees to obtain. But Englishmen were proverbially undemonstrative, Gisella had always understood. Was not even Angus, although but half an Englishman, far too calm and reticent, as a general rule, wholly to satisfy the insatiable cravings of her excitable nature?

After the note, the tea-rose received its due share of attention; but when the old gentleman had sniffed at it with the same severe and searching scrutiny he usually brought to bear upon the flavour of his black coffee and the quality of his cigars, he laid it calmly aside and applied himself to his soup. In his opinion apparently the flower could afford to wait, but it would not be fair to the *purée de volaille* to suffer it to get cold.

All this was highly unsatisfactory, thought Gisella, with an uneasy misgiving that perhaps after all she had made a fool of herself. There was, however, clearly nothing to do now but to brazen out the situation, and affect complete ignorance of what had taken place. Many women wore roses in summer, and who could prove that this particular rose had been plucked from her belt?

Her latent uneasiness, however, presently turned to something approaching panic, when, after he had made an excellent dinner, she saw the old gentleman get up from his chair, and holding the note between his fingers, deliberately approach their table. What was he going to do? What would he say? How should she ever explain to Angus? . . . Could he not yet be

stopped in time? . . . Gisella felt inclined to shriek out aloud or faint. . . .

But no, it was impossible to avert the catastrophe, for, utterly regardless of the agonized and imploring glances she was casting at him, the stranger had begun to speak, addressing himself however to Angus, in a short, quick, business-like manner, jerking off his phrases with a certain laconic rapidity and decision that suggested the dictation of a telegraphic despatch.

"So you have sampled me already, and have gone one better than mine in the game of hide-and-seek. Was just going to have shown up my cards when the note came to hand. Proud to own the relationship, and to make your acquaintance. How is your mother? It is nearly thirty years since I saw her last as a child of twelve or thirteen."

"My mother? The relationship?" began Angus, in considerable bewilderment. "Excuse me, I do not understand. Then you are——?"

"Your mother's uncle, Duncan Bruce. Had you not already guessed it?"

"No," replied Angus, truthfully. "How could I suppose that such a lucky—such an entirely unforeseen chance should bring us together!"

But by this time Gisella had recovered her presence of mind with that marvellous rapidity possessed by women who, addicted to the perilous pastime of playing with edged tools, often perform perfectly stupendous feats of gymnastic diplomacy in averting seemingly inevitable destruction. A minute ago she had been trembling in deadly terror at the probable consequences of her imprudent piece of coquetry, whereas now by adroitly plucking the "flower safety" out of the "nettle danger," she beheld in this very act the means of, moreover, adorning herself with some specially brilliant purloined plumes in the eyes of her deluded spouse.

"But I had guessed it long ago, you stupid old boy!" she exclaimed, clapping her little hands together with a rather exaggerated assumption of childish glee. "And that is why I wrote to Uncle Duncan—I may call you uncle, may I not?" (was here coaxingly interpolated) "just to steal a march upon him, and let him see that he was found out. It is the best joke I have heard for a long time! Why, I have been looking forward to this scene the last three days, and could hardly

contain my impatience. Now, am I clever—yes or no?" she added, looking up archly into her husband's eyes.

"You are a genius as well as an angel!" exclaimed Angus, rapturously. "What a wonderful little girl you are for finding out what, never would have occurred to my dull masculine brain!"

"Yes, trust a woman for taking over the inventory in half the time we men require for the operation," remarked Mr. Bruce, drily, as he folded up the note and replaced it in his pocket.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

Some Protestant Saints.

To judge from the jubilation of the *Rock*, the recent solemn opening of the new Cathedral in Berlin has caused unmixed satisfaction amongst those true Protestants, whose one bond of unity is hatred of Popery and whatever resembles it. Two circumstances appear to have been found particularly satisfactory: the presence, firstly, of Prince Arthur of Connaught, as representing "King Edward and the Protestant succession of Great Britain," and, secondly, of an actual prelate of the Anglican Church—"the Bishop of Ripon, Dr. Boyd Carpenter, whose loyalty to Reformation principles has always been well established." Being thus qualified for his mission, Dr. Boyd Carpenter, it may be hoped, found himself at home amid what was, we are told, "a brilliant spectacle finely relieved by the modest and becoming black Geneva gowns of the Protestant clergy,"—but it would be interesting to know the sentiments in this connection of his episcopal brethren at home, and still more of many amongst the clerics subject to his pastoral jurisdiction. The *Rock* further expresses a pious anticipation that the new Cathedral "will doubtless draw multitudes of visitors from Protestant England, counteracting the morbid tendencies which take people to the big cathedral of Italy."

More remarkable, however, is the object-lesson which it discovers in the new edifice, for the instruction and edification of Englishmen—

Be it noted [we read] that while we are setting up Popish images in our Westminster Abbey, and decrying the glorious Reformation as deformation, over the eight giant pillars which support the central portion of the edifice just consecrated are the statues of the Reformers, Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, and Melancthon, and of the four German Sovereigns who promoted the Reformation,—Duke Albrecht of Prussia, the Elector Joachim II. of Brandenburg, the Elector Frederick the Wise of Saxony, and the Landgrave Philip the Magnanimous of Hesse.

Now, of course, if those chiefly concerned are satisfied, and find the images of these worthies more helpful to their devotion, than those of Christ, His Mother, and His Saints, we can only say that there is no accounting for tastes, and that this is a matter upon which, as is proverbial, it were useless to dispute. It is likewise clear that in a temple wherein Protestantism of every shade is to find itself at home, its boundaries must be enlarged even to the vanishing point. But at the same time it is obvious to ask whether so extraordinary a group of men were ever represented as dwelling together in amity, even as graven images at the summit of monster pillars.

Of Zwingli, when he met his violent death on the battlefield, Luther declared that he had been cut off in his sins and enormities, which were gross and manifold, and that in his latest utterances he had proclaimed himself, not only a heretic, but a heathen pure and simple. Luther, moreover, complained bitterly of the moderation with which the victorious Catholics used their triumph, tolerating Zwinglianism, instead of exterminating it root and branch. He had previously declared Zwingli to be "satanized, insatanized, and supersatanized," and added that his damnation was certain.

Zwingli, on his part, replied, "When I read a book of Luther's, I seem to be watching an obscene pig, grunting amid the flowers of a fair garden," and Calvin added, "Would to God that he would think a little more of his own vices," while Luther's ally, Bucer, styled Calvin "a mad dog."

When we pass from the spiritual to the temporal leaders who are selected to share their elevation, we find ourselves amongst the strangest set of men who were ever exhibited inside a church. It must be sufficient to take as specimens the first and last of them.

Albert of Prussia, who was Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights, a military Order, like the Templars and Hospitallers, established for the defence of Christendom against the Turks and Tartars, having "embraced the Gospel," not only violated the vows by which he had bound himself, but appropriated the property which had been entrusted to his keeping, and squandered it in riotous living, debauchery, and particularly at the gaming table, where he distinguished himself by losing at a sitting what we should now describe as record sums. Marrying, and converting his grandmastership into hereditary sovereignty, he became the source and origin of the Prussian monarchy, to

which circumstance he doubtless owes the precedence now accorded him amongst his evangelical allies.

As for the magnanimous Philip of Hesse, he was a profligate of the most shameless and abandoned character, who to find resources for his prodigality and sensuality ground the faces of his people, and extorted the last farthing he could of their hard earned gains. Finally, he shocked the world and greatly embarrassed his ghostly fathers, Luther, Bucer, and Melancthon, by openly marrying a second wife whilst the first was still living, and proclaiming that he had the sanction of these spiritual directors for so doing. They, in reply, and more especially Luther, protested that, although they *had* assured him that the Commandments did not extend to princes in the same manner as to others, and that accordingly, if he felt it necessary for his peace of soul, he might commit bigamy,—yet they had enjoined on him to do it quietly and keep it dark, and had never contemplated the scandal and consternation actually occasioned.

In fine, those who have any acquaintance in detail with the history and character of the German rulers of the sixteenth century, who helped to set up the new Church, and enriched themselves with the spoils of the old, will doubtless agree that never was the fate of luckless peasants and burghers committed to a more worthless set of ruffians, and that never were there specimens of humanity less deserving of honour or respect, to say nothing of being set up as patterns of religion.

Reviews.

I.—BY WHAT AUTHORITY.¹

WHATEVER else may be said about this volume, and it is a book which suggests many an interesting discussion, no one will deny that it is extremely interesting. Other Catholic novelists have ere now sought for inspiration in the exciting history of the Elizabethan persecutions, but Father Benson more boldly than any of his predecessors introduces the great political problem of that day, whether and to what extent, Elizabeth's bad government justified or even demanded the withdrawal of a Catholic's allegiance to her. It is not difficult to see what excellent material Father Benson has to draw upon, and we can warmly praise the use he has made of it.

Though the book is above all an historical romance, it seems more natural, when criticizing it, to treat the history and romance separately. As to the great historical problem, the reconciliation of allegiance to Elizabeth and loyalty to the Pope, it was in practice, we believe, a more simple matter for Englishmen than Father Benson seems to think. They were perfectly aware that they had no call to resist the powers that were, because they were absolutely unable to do so, even if under other circumstances they might conceivably have wished it. They had moreover been born and bred in an atmosphere of deference to royalty, which we should almost call servile. There is really no reason for believing that the Catholics at home seriously troubled themselves with the problem at all. With the Catholics in exile it was different. Exiles have ever been over sanguine, and the English Catholic exiles were so too. But, so far as the evidence before us yet shows, no sooner did they return to England, even secretly, than they recognized the futility of attempting resistance, and fell in

¹ *By what Authority.* By Robert Hugh Benson. Second Edition. 558 pp. London: Isbister. 1905.

again with the patient submissiveness, from which, in practice, the English Catholics never swerved. It is an error, we believe, to represent the Armada as having been undertaken to revenge Mary and relieve the Catholics. That is to say this motive was so very subordinate to the urgent necessity of freeing the seas from the English pirates, that *by comparison* it may be regarded as non-existent.

For the rest Father Benson has read history to excellent purpose. Many of his pages, those, for instance, regarding Campion, appear to be quoted almost verbatim from the authentic records of the martyr's life, while one who was familiar with *The Life of Father John Gerard*, and *The Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, and works of that class would perhaps find little difficulty in pointing out parallels, which Father Benson has intentionally or unintentionally followed. Perhaps the picture painted of the Anglican clergy of that day is too favourable; Elizabeth was, we fancy, a little less amenable to good inspirations than she is here represented, though, on the other hand, we doubt whether she really showed "black teeth" when she smiled. But, apart from details here and there, as to which different people are sure to think differently, the writer never seems to exceed the license which every writer of romance must and should employ if he is to work according to the rules of his art.

Turning now to the story itself, we may say without attempting to tell it in full, that the author commences with two families, one Catholic, the Maxwells, one Puritan, the Norrises. They are friendly neighbours, though in religious matters widely divided. Attachments spring up between the young people, but the course of true love runs anything but smoothly. Conversions and perversions, religious persecution, and religious vocation divide and unite the *dramatis personæ*, there are scenes of breathless excitement, in which a priest escapes or is captured after many risks, or some cruel perfidy. These are succeeded by visions of peace and resignation, and passages showing genuine pathos. We have also some buccaneering, two or three interviews with Elizabeth—from which we would gladly quote did space allow,—as well as liturgical rites, and even the spiritual exercises. Eventually the Puritan brother and sister become Catholic hero and heroine, and the ending, though not conventional, is eminently satisfactory.

Some of the interludes are perhaps a trifle too long for those

who are already familiar with the subjects, but upon the whole the interest is well maintained throughout, and there will be few readers, Catholic or Protestant, we should imagine, who will put the book down without feeling not only pleased, but also to some extent elevated, and better able than before to sympathize with what was good on either side in that prolonged struggle.

2.—ROMAN CATHOLIC CLAIMS.¹

Bishop Gore's courageous acceptance of the struggling new Anglican see of Birmingham, for which he resigns the time-honoured Worcester, synchronizes with this sixpenny re-issue of a three shilling work which first appeared in 1888. It is a good book for the purpose for which it is written. It will retard many Anglicans on the way to Rome, and doubtless hold some back finally. It may have a further effect, unintended by the writer, and cause some readers altogether to despair of Catholic truth. The book ought to lie on the table of every professor of Catholic theology, and guide the course of his researches. It bristles with difficulties, real difficulties to the modern mind of the type that approximates closest to the Catholic system, and understands it best. The least well-written part of the book is that which deals with Biblical criticism and the inevitable Abbé Loisy. Bishop Gore ought to know that since 1888 there has been a forward movement in the study of the Bible among Catholics of unimpeached orthodoxy. If he ever looks at modern Catholic exegetical literature he must see that Catholic scholars do not find the Encyclical *Providentissimus Deus* "out of date," "crude," "unsympathetic," "unpastoral," but quite the reverse.

Nor is the Bishop happy upon what must be to him the sad subject of Anglican Ordinations. To be beaten on the point where your adversary makes his main attack, is to lose the day. To score advantages, or claim them, on minor points, is but to veil your defeat. Let it be granted (a) that the Nag's Head story was a fable—as all now admit; (b) that Barlow was a bishop—though the documentary evidence, positive and negative, makes it impossible to fix a date when his consecration

¹ *Roman Catholic Claims*. By Charles Gore, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop Designate of Birmingham. London: Longmans, 1905. Price Sixpence net.

could have occurred ; (c) that the Edwardine Ordinal for the Ordination Service, *had it come down from Catholic antiquity*, might possibly be valid—rather a considerable concession ; (d) that heresy on the part of the minister of a sacrament does not invalidate the sacrament, provided he observe the traditional form—this all theologians allow ; still there remains the main argument of the *Apostolicæ Curæ*, that to alter a sacramental form on purpose to express an heretical intention is to invalidate the sacrament ;¹ and Cranmer and his fellow-workers, authors of the Edwardine Ordinal, did alter the sacramental forms of the Ordination and Communion Services on purpose to express their heretical denial of a sacrificial priesthood and a real Sacramental Presence. This fact of history has been proved by the investigations of Catholic writers from Estcourt downwards. Or can any one say why Cranmer altered the Ordinal at all ? Why was he not content under Edward to go on as he had for the twelve years of schism under Henry, consecrating and ordaining, sacrilegiously indeed but validly ? Was it zeal for primitive practice that induced him to construct a rite for which there is no parallel in the history of the Church ? Or was it not rather that when the fear of the terribly Eucharist-loving Henry was removed, the Archbishop's heretical hatred of Holy Mass and of the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar found free vent under the boy-King ?²

Bishop Gore's ablest argumentation is on the question of development. He interprets in the narrowest sense Vincent of Lerins's canon, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, and thereupon rejects the Immaculate Conception, Papal Infallibility, and Indulgences. He argues to good effect against Franzelin that Vincent's words are *exclusive*. He appeals exultingly to Vincent's chapter xxiii. But in that very chapter Vincent uses words which the Bishop does not quote : "A right development is the enlargement of a being upon its own lines. . . . Any things brought forth in the body by the ripeness of a maturer age [just what is called "development" as distinguished from "growth"] were already previously put forth there germinally"—*Ad profectum pertinet ut in semetipsam unaquæque res perficiatur ; si quæ illa sunt quæ ævi maturioris ætate pariuntur*,

¹ See St. Thomas, *Summa*, q. 60, art. 7, ad 3 ; *ib.* art. 8 in corp.

² One cannot but feel some surprise that Bishop Gore nowhere refers to the *Vindication of the Bull "Apostolicæ Curæ"*, although that is the official exposition of the whole subject on the part of the Catholic Bishops of England.

jam in seminis ratione proserta sunt. These words open a large door to Newman.

Bishop Gore is no stranger to the philosophy which teaches that out of the clash of opposites the unity of perfect being emerges. There was always an antipapal party in the Church: it was as apparent in Africa in the third century as in France in the seventeenth. In the East it was always strong, till it culminated in the Photian Schism. Great and good men belonged to it. But an antipapal means also a papal position; and that there was a papal position even in early ages the Bishop is too erudite and too honest to deny. The Church has grown, as States grow, by growing in unity of authority. Bishop Gore finds in Anglicanism a delicious reversion to the chaos of Gnostic and Arian times. But for a man of mature age to revert to doings which were undoubtedly his doings in the nursery, is a disedifying and irrational procedure.

We commend to Bishop Gore's readers what he calls¹ "the picture presented to us of the Church becoming one by gradual purification," in the following passage from the *Shepherd of Hermas*: "So also shall be the Church of God after it has been purified, and the wicked and hypocrites and blasphemers and double-minded have been cast out: after these have been cast out, the Church of God shall be one body, one purpose, one mind, one faith, one love." Is that possible without one authority?

3.—HISTORICAL CRITICISM AND THE OLD TESTAMENT.²

In November, 1902, Père Lagrange, so well known as the founder of the Catholic Biblical School at Jerusalem, and as the Editor of the *Revue Biblique*, was invited by Mgr. Battifol, the President of the Institut Catholique at Toulouse, to give a course of six lectures to the students of the Institute. These lectures were soon afterwards published under the title of *La Methode historique surtout à propos de l'Ancien Testament*, and republished in 1904 in an augmented form, with an appendix occasioned by the then recent appearance of M. Loisy's

¹ P. 29.

² *Historical Criticism and the Old Testament.* By Père T. M. Lagrange, O.P. Translated by Edward Myers, M.A., Priest of the Diocese of Westminster. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1905.

Autour d'un petit livre. What we have now before us is an English translation of *La Methode historique*, prepared for the Catholic Truth Society by Father Edward Myers.

La Methode historique was well worth translating, both for the sake of its subject-matter and in view of the reputation which it has already acquired, and which is by no means confined to the ranks of the French clergy. It is true that Père Lagrange is not an easy writer to follow, indeed one cannot but regret that he is not clearer in indicating the order in which he develops his thoughts. Still the labour required to grasp his meaning accurately is well repaid, for he throws valuable light on perhaps the most important of all the theological questions of the day. Of the six lectures the first three are concerned with principles, the last three with some examples of their application. Of those on principles the first defines the attitude of historical criticism to the dogmas and authority of the Church—defining it on lines of which the orthodoxy is unimpeachable, and at the same time showing how free it leaves the critic to act faithfully by the laws of his own science. The second lecture regards the different aspects under which historical criticism and theology are concerned with the development of doctrine, the latter setting itself the task of extracting from the original statement of a dogma the full contents implicitly contained therein, the former eliciting from the monuments of the past the progressive stages through which the course of development has been brought to its present degree of completion. The distinction is simple enough, but the theologian, if not aided by the historical critic, is apt to read the more developed beliefs of a later age into the language of an earlier—a fault which, to give an instance, has not unfrequently been committed in the interpretation of Messianic prophecies.

The third lecture is on the nature of Inspiration. The Church has defined its character to this extent that, the Holy Spirit being the author, through the impulse imparted to the human instrument, no errors are admissible in the sacred pages. This definition, however, though so far decisive, still leaves many points concerning inspiration unsettled. Can an inspired book have an author who is anonymous, or can it ever be pseudo-epigraphic? Or again can it be gradually elaborated during a period of years and through the combined labour of many persons as writers and redactors? Can it be a compilation

rather than an original work? Must its subject-matter be altogether sacred; can it admit, and if so to what extent, the element of literary fiction; and so on. It is here that the reason for the French title of the present work, *La Methode historique*, appears. Questions like those mentioned cannot be determined solely by *à priori* judgments of what is possible or becoming in an inspired volume. They can only be safely determined by history and historical criticism—in other words, by a critical study of the text itself and of the historical period out of which it sprang. Of course to this principle in the abstract no one would take exception, but it has not always been observed in practice; nor indeed was it always very possible to observe it, on account of the dearth of material for the necessary historical studies. Until recent years the Old Testament appeared to be a book of a unique kind, not only in regard of its sacred character, but also as having come down to us, from an age that had yielded no other literature with which to compare it. The result was that whilst the adversaries of the Christian faith saw in this isolation from environment of its most ancient records a clear proof of their spuriousness, maintaining scornfully that in those days the art of writing at all was not as yet acquired, its defenders interpreted all their statements with the extremest literalism. Now all is changed, and the difficulty has shifted to the opposite quarter. It is no longer urged against the Old Testament that it claims an antiquity far higher than that in which literature first arose, but that it is confronted by a literature far more ancient than itself, as well as contemporary with itself, a literature too of a much more definite and informative kind, and that it is out of harmony with it.

The case for Old Testament history is, however, by no means so discredited by the progress of archæology, indeed in the balance of *pros* and *cons*, it has gained much more than it has lost in the way of corroboration from external sources. Still, we have to abandon some of the literalism of our former interpretations, though with the discovery that the final result is to make the sacred text more, not less, intelligible than it had previously seemed to be. In his last three lectures Père Lagrange gives some felicitous illustrations of this point, out of which we may call attention particularly to what he has to say about the civil legislation of the Hebrews. The older commentators gathered from the Pentateuch that the Mosaic legislation was without

antecedents in the practice of the Israelites, having been delivered to them in its complete form by Almighty God from Mount Sinai. As soon as one comes to think it over this was most unlikely. True, Omnipotence could work the miracle of implanting in the hearts of a race otherwise represented as stubbornly attached to its accustomed habits, a readiness to adopt straight off all these brand-new laws and customs. But it is not the kind of miracle one would have anticipated. Now, however, we know from the finds at Tel-el-Amarna, Susa, and elsewhere that Babylonian influence had been active in Palestine for more than a thousand years before the Exodus, and we find in the Code of Hammurabi clear indications of the high antiquity of several customs which had seemed special in the legislation of Sinai. This does not mean that the story of Sinai is falsified, but it does mean that we must take into account when we read it a good deal that our ancestors never dreamt of. In his last lecture Père Lagrange faces the question of Primitive History, that is, the Biblical account of the pre-Abrahamic period, where the difficulty is that we find so few points of contact with the external history of the cuneiform inscriptions. Here some may find it hard to agree with all his conclusions, but at least they will welcome his temperate treatment of so perplexed a problem. A word of commendation is due to the translation, which has the merit of being as little like a translation as possible.

4.—HURRELL FROUDE.¹

When we turn our gaze backwards on the early history of that Tractarian Movement from which so much of consequence for the religion of England was to result, one striking figure rises before us and attracts to itself a very special interest for a short while, then suddenly passes from the field of view, being carried off by a premature death in 1836. This was Richard Hurrell Froude, to whose memory Miss Guiney has now devoted a book of "Memoranda and Comments." In her Preface she explains that she "has had no access to the great mass of dated and classified manuscript correspondence now

¹ *Hurrell Froude. Memoranda and Comments.* By Louise Imogen Guiney. With seven illustrations. London: Methuen and Co.

at Edgbaston," and that in consequence the Memoranda mainly consist of, or are drawn from, the journals and letters which have been already printed either in Hurrell Froude's *Remains* published in 1837, or his letters interspersed among *The Letters and Correspondence* of Cardinal Newman published in 1890; and the Comments consist of extracts containing the appreciations of those who, either from their personal intercourse with Hurrell Froude, or from their opportunities of inquiry, could give us trustworthy testimony concerning him. Such an arrangement is doubtless somewhat disjointed, but it is apparently the only arrangement now possible, and Miss Guiney pleads with justice that it suffices for the main purpose of a biography, which is not so much to chronicle all the events of a man's life, but to set forth such a selection of his words and actions, and of the impressions left by them on his contemporaries, as will enable us to realize his individuality. It is, in fact, a very distinct and vivid picture of Hurrell Froude's strong personality which we thus obtain, and both portions of the book are needed to complete it. The Memoranda allow us not only to see the firmness with which he grasped the few fundamental ideas that formed the germ of the Movement, and the bold, self-confident, uncompromising way in which, young as he was, he was prepared to force them upon a reluctant public; but also to penetrate into the secret of his inner life of self-searching and self-discipline, that inner life which testifies how true he was, and how generous in his strivings after a perfect union of heart with God. And yet these Memoranda by themselves alone would have failed to explain to us the exceptional charm of character which endeared him to his more intimate friends, and the force which made him not the follower but the leader, or at least the prompter, of such men as Keble and Newman. For this were required the array of appreciations so conveniently brought together by Miss Guiney, which hitherto were to be found only scattered among the works of his friends, Newman, Isaac Williams, Lord Blachford, T. Mozley, F. Oakeley, and of his brother, James Anthony Froude; or in the works of Dean Church, Sir James Stephen, and other reminiscents of the period.

Of the points in this biography which arrest attention in the first place, one is of course his place in the Movement. His first connection with Keble was at Oriel, where Keble was then Tutor. This was in 1821, and the friendship between them then formed was further cemented by his stay at Southrop, Keble's

first curacy. Froude went down there during the Long Vacation of 1823 to read under Keble for his B.A., which he did in company with two others destined to be prominent figures in the coming Movement, Isaac Williams and Robert Isaac Wilberforce. In 1826, Froude was elected simultaneously with Newman to a fellowship at Oriel, and it was thus that these two were brought together. Newman at that time was an Evangelical, and Froude's verdict was proportionately adverse to him. "I like Newman, but I disvenerate him," he wrote to Keble. But before long his influence told upon Newman, and they became one in mind and purpose, and were knit together in the tenderest friendship; and then followed through Froude's intermediacy the friendship between Newman and Keble. Dean Church in his *Reminiscences* has well defined the relative attitude of the three towards one another, and towards the Oxford Movement.

"The true and primary author of it," we read in the *Apologia*, "as is usual with great motive powers, was out of sight. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble?" The statement is strictly true. Froude would never have been the man he was but for his daily and hourly intercourse with Keble; and Froude brought to bear upon Newman's mind, at a critical period of its development, Keble's ideas and feelings about religion and the Church, Keble's reality of thought and purpose, Keble's transparent and saintly simplicity. And Froude, as we know from a well-known saying of his, brought Keble and Newman to understand one another. . . . Keble attracted and moulded Froude . . . but Froude in accepting Keble's ideas, resolved to make them active, public, aggressive; and he found in Newman a colleague whose bold originality responded to his own. . . . Keble had given the inspiration; Froude gave the impulse; then Newman took up the work, and the impulse henceforward, and the direction were his.

It was not, however, till 1833, that is to say seven years after Froude and Newman were brought together at Oriel, that the first formal acts of the Movement, the preaching of Keble's sermon at Oxford, the "conspiracy" of Hadleigh, and the publication of the Tracts of the Times commenced. "It was the direct result of the searchings of heart and the communings for seven years, from 1826 to 1833 of (these) three men"—for Pusey was not drawn into it till some years later, and Froude meanwhile had died. The date of publication of the first Tract was almost the date of his withdrawal from public life. Under doctor's orders he sailed for Barbadoes in October, 1833, and remained

there for nearly two years; then after a last short visit to Oxford he retired to his father's vicarage at Dartington, where he lingered for a few months longer, dying on February 28, 1836.

Another point which will attract attention in this memoir first came under public notice in 1837, when Hurrell Froude's *Remains* were published by his friends, Newman and Keble, and were received on the whole with disapproval. His journal is full of records of his self-introspective studies, with the fits of perplexity and depression they often caused him, by making him conscious of the imperfect results which his efforts at self-conquest achieved. Those will always be in a small minority who are solicitous about self-examination, and know themselves sufficiently to be disturbed about their spiritual shortcomings. And accordingly, whilst the few were moved to admiration by the spectacle of so much delicacy of conscience, the many shared the scorn of Sir James Stephens, who took comfort in the reflection that "it is not by these nice self-observers that the creeds of hoar antiquity [was early nineteenth-century English Protestantism such ?] and the habits of centuries are to be shaken ; so neither is such high emprise reserved for ascetics who can pause to enumerate the slices of bread-and-butter from which they have abstained." Still there is a strong strain of misconception running through Hurrell Froude's communings with his conscience, and it is such as makes his diaries read full of pathos to those who, like Cardinal Wiseman in his review of the *Remains*, in *Essays on Ecclesiastical Subjects*, are in the position to diagnose his spiritual state, and can recognize his experiences as only such as haunt many minds constituted like his. What is so sad about them is merely that he lacked the kind of spiritual guidance which in the Catholic Church is accessible to all, which could have taught him how to regulate his practices of asceticism, and have explained to him that fears and anxieties were but phantoms of the imagination that need cause him no discouragement, or perturb the joy and ardour of his generous young spirit.

The third point of interest which Hurrell Froude's memoirs seems to suggest is as to whether, had he lived, he would have ended like his great friend Newman in the Catholic Church, or like his other great friend Keble would have halted in his onward course. We say "seems to suggest," for many of those whose appreciations are cited, as, for instance, Church and Oakeley, discuss the question carefully, each deciding for the

conclusion which pleases him best. The authoress herself bestows several pages on the subject. To us, however, it does not seem a very profitable speculation. There were features in Froude's life which can be cited for either side. No doubt he had an attraction for the "Roman obedience;" we have Newman's testimony that he believed in many of the distinctive "Roman" doctrines; and we have his protest against what he called Newman's "cursing and swearing" (against Rome) at the end of the *Via Media*. On the other hand, when he ascertained from Cardinal Wiseman, on the occasion of his and Newman's visit to the English College in 1832, that there was no possibility of the Holy See abating any of its claims or doctrines in order to facilitate the cause of Reunion, he was much repelled, and gave expression to his disgust in several subsequent letters. But what matter! He pursued the light faithfully in the measure in which it dawned on him, and we may claim him therefore in the larger sense to the fellowship of all faithful souls. On the other hand, there is a point about that visit of Froude, with Newman, to Wiseman which imparts to it a real place among the causes which led to so many English conversions. "It remains," wrote Wiseman, in the review already quoted, "marked with gratitude, in my mind, as an epoch in my life. . . . From that hour I watched with intense interest and love the Movement of which I then obtained the first glimpse. My studies changed their course, the bent of my mind was altered, in the strong desire to co-operate in the new mercies of Providence."

5.—SERVICE BOOKS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.¹

There is so much that is useful in this volume and so much that must have cost trouble to its compilers, that we are loath to dwell upon its many eccentricities. The main object of the work is no doubt sufficiently attained. It probably supplies as much information about every class of old service book as any reader can conveniently assimilate without a careful study of the originals. It is well printed and generously illustrated; while a fairly complete index goes far to remedy the confusion

¹ *The Old Service Books of the English Church* (The Antiquary's Books). By Christopher Wordsworth and Henry Littlehales. London: Methuen, 1904.

of its contents. On most topics discussed in the pages before us, the bibliographical references are full and satisfactory, more particularly where English books are primarily concerned. Perhaps a manual of this kind can render no greater service to its readers than by supplying a clear outline and instructing them where they can go to fill in the details. But having said thus much to the credit of the volume, it must be confessed that it has also many drawbacks. It is to an extraordinary degree disorderly and inconsequent, more particularly in the sections for which Mr. Christopher Wordsworth is responsible. Sentences conveying the most elementary information find themselves cheek by jowl with paragraphs which could not possibly be of interest or use to any but an expert. All sense of proportion seems lacking. There are parts of the volume which suggest nothing so much as the contents of a commonplace book, which have been sifted into some kind of rough classification, but which retain unabashed the most unmistakable traces of their origin. I quote, for illustration's sake, the following passage from the section entitled "The Shrift Book or Penitential."

The "Egbert Penitential," Parker MS. 190, is identified by Dr. James and other scholars with the *Scrift boc on englisc* or vernacular Shrift-book which Leofric gave to Exeter c. 1072. Such a book ("Penitentionalem") every young priest was counselled to procure by the twenty-first canon of Ælfric, as well as by the *De remediis peccatorum* of Egbert, sometimes, as we have seen, ascribed to Bede. The sixth canon of Cloveshoo, A.D. 747, implies such knowledge as a requisite, and the Lincoln archdeacons' Visitation article, No 44., c. 1230, inquires whether there is a sufficiency of Penitentiaries (priests) in each archdeaconry, and (No. 22) whether any deacons presume to hear confession. (Spelman, *Concilia*, II. 192, 193.) This Penitential has been printed by Wilkins. (*Concilia*, I. 113—143.)

When Mr. Wordsworth, at the end of this wonderful paragraph, the wording of which almost recalls the utterances of Arthur Sketchly's Mrs. Brown, complacently remarks: "*This Penitential has been printed by Wilkins*," to which document out of the half-dozen he has cited are we to suppose him to refer? Is it the Lincoln archdeacons' Visitation article, or the sixth canon of Cloveshoo, or the *de remediis peccatorum* of Egbert, or the *scrift boc on englisc*, or the Egbert Penitential? And thereupon the writer goes on to print a sort of catalogue occupying three pages, of all MSS. in the library of Trinity

College, Cambridge, from the ninth to the fifteenth century, which bear the remotest relation to confession. Seeing that of these hardly one in five can in any sense whatever be called a Penitential, we confess that we fail to see how the heading of the article is illustrated by these rambling extracts. It would have been much more to the point, if the writer had provided a reference to Schmitz's *Die Bussbücher und die Bussdisciplin der Kirche*, a book here ignored, and had summarized some of its contents. There are a good many other points that invite criticism, notably the chapter on Books for the Mass; but as we have already said, there is much that is excellent in this well illustrated volume, and it would be ungracious to do nothing but find fault. The short sections contributed by Mr. Littlehales appear to us, for the most part, to be unexceptionable.

6.—THE DICTIONARY OF ARCHÆOLOGY.¹

A dictionary is we suppose essentially an apparatus for saving time. If this be so, the *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie*, which is making slow but steady progress under the able editorship of Abbot Cabrol, fully deserves that all good things should be said of it. For the information which it gives in a condensed form, but still more for the bibliographical references, which are lavishly supplied upon every subject treated, the book is simply invaluable. No search is more wearisome than that which has for its objective some special and often minute detail of archæology or liturgy, matters which the most extensive encyclopædias ignore, and which are only to be found treated in a chance article buried in the proceedings of some learned society. We do not say that Abbot Cabrol's Dictionary is exhaustive or infallible in the matter of such references, but it is astonishing how much has been noted and even assimilated. Even were the articles much less complete than they are, we should maintain that such a work is enormously better than nothing.

The two fascicules—Nos. 4 and 5—now before us, extend from *Agneau* to *Ame*, and they contain, like the three previously

¹ *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie et de Liturgie*, publié par Dom F. Cabrol. Paris : Letouzey et Ané, 1904.

noticed in these pages, some extremely interesting articles ; the most important contribution in this instalment of the work is perhaps the full account, occupying some thirty-five quarto pages, of the Ambrosian Rite, written by the Abbé Paul Lejay. M. Lejay finds himself upon a good many questions in disagreement with Ceriani and Magistretti, and we are inclined to think that the writer is sometimes a little too positive about things which seem to us very much matters of opinion, but the discussion of the subject is full and well arranged. There is also a separate article by Dom Gatard, consecrated to the Ambrosian Chant, which at the present moment will be read with exceptional interest. Other minor liturgical entries deal largely with people and places. Agobard, Alcuin, and Amalarius are all personal names, as need hardly be said, of primary interest to the student of liturgy, but, among places, Alexandria in its relations with the Copts, St. Mark, and the Abyssinians, is even more important, and obtains somewhat ampler discussion.

Dom H. Leclercq, who is still by far the most voluminous contributor, is responsible for both the archæological and liturgical treatment of this last article. In the matter of archæology pure and simple this section of the work gives no great scope for original research. There is, however, an excellent and well-illustrated article on the Cemetery of St. Agnes, and Dom Leclercq has evidently spent great pains upon the archæology of Alexandria. The rest of the section is taken up with subjects more or less miscellaneous in character, but some of them of remarkable interest. Abbot Cabrol, the editor, treats with all desirable fulness the history and use of the word *Alleluia*. Much out-of-the-way information is also given about *Alphabet* and *Âme*, the symbolism of the latter being worked out with the aid of numerous woodcuts. But perhaps two of the most useful articles in the pages before us are those on *Alchimie* and *Agricoles (classes)*. In both cases we have a surprising mass of information brought together which we should not know how to look for elsewhere. The printer's and publisher's share of the work continues to be unexceptionable. To illustrate the disinterred textile fabrics of *Akhmin*, an excellent coloured plate has been prepared after Forrer's monograph.

7.—THE YOKE OF CHRIST.¹

Directness and simplicity are the prominent characteristics of this book of devotional readings. The author's aim has evidently been to let his pious thoughts—and they are mostly familiar friends—themselves entertain the reader, while he, the introducer, modestly stands aside. Thus, to take a specimen at random, from page 55. The elder brother of the Prodigal, after being exhibited as a "picture of the common faults of good people," is made to contribute also a lesson of encouragement :

The conduct and complaint of this elder brother, coupled with the tender reply of his father, bring out a feature of the service of God which we often feel keenly. It is the feature of monotony, the absence of change, the want of excitement, our duties being ever the same. Let us realize that such a life is good for us, nay, the best for us. We cannot really "stand" much change and excitement, for they unhinge us and deprive us of power against our enemies, and make us wanting in watchfulness, so that when temptation accosts us it finds us fevered and agitated, and easily upset. Whereas, if day by day we go on contentedly in the sphere in which God has placed us, sanctifying each little duty, we shall be found at the end to have done much solid good, unknown to men, known only to our Father, who seeth in secret. Such a life is in very truth a life at home with our Father, where the work is simple and the food plain, but where health of mind and soul are maintained. Its blessedness is summed up in the words of the parable : "Son, thou art always with me, and all I have is thine."

The book is full of earnest, sound, devotional thoughts of this quality, expressed with equal naturalness and simplicity. Those whose occupations allow them only a "very short" time for spiritual reading will find it just the book to suit their case.

8.—REQUIESCANT.²

It is strange, when one comes to think of it, that the idea of Mrs. Leathley's *Requiescant* has not previously occurred to anyone, for now that it is realized in the little book before us it is sure

¹ *The Yoke of Christ. Readings intended chiefly for the Sick.* By the Rev. Robert Eaton. London : Catholic Truth Society, 1905. Pp. 390.

² *Requiescant. A little Book of Anniversaries.* By Mary E. S. Leathley. London : Burns and Oates.

of a welcome. For it is, as Canon Murnane, in his short preface happily terms it, "a birthday book for the dead." As one friend after another drops out of the ranks of the living we are given mortuary leaflets to remind us to pray for them. These, perhaps, we insert among the leaves of our Office-books or prayer-books, but it is not possible to keep many of them there at a time, and so the earlier have more often than we should like to give way to the later. But in *Requiescant* a page is devoted to each day of the year, blank spaces being left to receive the names of friends for whom it is the day of death, and some well-known prayers, together with spiritual thoughts from a Father or other great writer, being added below. At the end of the volume is a short collection of indulgenced prayers from the *Raccolta*.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

The Wisdom of Foolishness is the title given to a slight "Drama in Four Acts," by Mona Mora (Burns and Oates, Ltd., 1905). The subject is Blessed Thomas More; and the idea of the writer seems to have been to "adapt" portions of the diary of Margaret Roper for scenic representation. As the result we have a series of pictures, effective enough in their way, as a *tableau vivant* might be, and faithfully reproducing the charm of the Chelsea home, or the heroism of its chief inmates in the final scenes of the martyr's imprisonment and death, yet unconnected by any strict subordination to a dramatic purpose.

Under the title of *Freemasonic Indictment of the Third Order of St. Francis*, Father William, O.S.F.C., republishes, with the exclamations of the Deputies interspersed, a speech delivered in the French Chamber on June 17th, 1904, by M. Laferre, the President of the Grand Orient of France. It is a grotesque speech in which the speaker strives to establish a parallelism between the Order of Freemasons and the Third Order of St. Francis, his point being that whatever charges are brought by the Catholics against the Grand Orient recoil on the Third Order. Father William thinks the speech valuable for its testimony to the strength of the resistance the Third Order is capable of opposing to the campaign against the worship of God, as also for its candid acknowledgment that Freemasonry and the Republicanism of the party in power mean one and the same thing.

The Catholic Truth Society's latest batch of publications includes, besides the two noticed among our reviews, *A Handbook of Catholic Charitable and Social Works*, *The Lord's Ambassador*, and *Winnie's Vocation*. *The Handbook of Catholic*

Charitable and Social Works is a development of a similar work published by the same Society a few years ago. It has been drawn up by some Catholic ladies, interested in charitable and social work, and it contains a catalogue of the Catholic institutions in England and Scotland, arranged according to the dioceses in which they are situated, and under the headings Aid in Distress, Aid in Sickness and Affliction, Aid to Reformation, Aid to Development—Religious, Social, Physical. It is a goodly record, which if even yet insufficient to cope with the ever-increasing and ever-varying demand, at least shows what brave efforts have been made by the far from numerous and anything but rich Catholics of England and Scotland.

In *The Lord's Ambassador and other Tales* readers will find what they have learnt to expect from the authoress, M.E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell), character-sketches of humble life, full of the humour, pathos, and unaffected piety with which the Catholic poor of Ireland and of Lancashire are so richly endowed.

Winnie's Vocation and other Tales is by Miss Frances Noble. Of the three tales included *Winnie's Vocation* is by far the longer. It is a nicely told story of a girl who disappoints an excellent young lover by becoming a Carmelite nun. It is a vocation, however, which results in doing justice to the earthly as well as the heavenly love.

Under the title of *The Christian Revolution* the Catholic Truth Society, London, has reprinted the first of Mr. W. S. Lilly's *Chapters in European History*. The booklet (32 pp., 1d.) may be recommended as containing a good specimen of sound apologetic.

Church History and Church Government, by Father Castle, C.S.S.R., in thirty pages or so covers the whole period from our Lord's time to the Reformation. It is written, however, with discernment by one who realizes the points of difficulty which the subject presents to the modern mind, and is well worth reading.

We have rarely seen a little summary of Catholic doctrine which appeared to us so entirely satisfactory as the booklet by Mother M. Loyola, of the York Convent, entitled *Credo*. It is in every sense of the word an excellent penny-worth, and unless we are much deceived the production of this "simple explanation" must have entailed the sacrifice of far more time and thought

on the part of the authoress than the mere number of pages could give any idea of. The Catholic Truth Society may be congratulated on this addition to their penny series. We could not imagine a better or more readable compendium to put into the hands of intending converts, and yet it is at the same time simple enough to be useful to little children.

Among other penny publications of the Catholic Truth Society are three of the papers read at the Catholic Conference held in Birmingham in September last; viz., the Inaugural Address of Archbishop Bourne on *The Education Act of 1902, The Difficulty, and its Solution* (16 pp.); Father Gerard's paper on the *Rationalist Propaganda, and how it must be met* (16 pp.); and Dr. C. A. Windle's paper on the *Catholic Aspect of the Education Question*. And in yet another booklet, *Are Indulgences sold in Spain?* will be found a reprint of two articles from THE MONTH by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J., in vindication of the "Cruzada" system of providing for the expenses of the church services.

Very welcome, also, are two books of Tales (*The Three Schoolfellows*, by Father Bampfield, and *Chinese Wayside Tales*, by Lady Herbert); and three Biographies, viz., *Lacordaire*, by the Very Rev. Vincent M'Nabb, *Blessed Peter Canisius*, adapted from the Italian of the Rev. A. Anzani, and *Ven. Robert Southwell, poet, priest, and martyr*, by Gilberte Turner; also *Two English Martyrs*, the Venerable John Body, and the Venerable John Munden, two *alumni* of Winchester College whose tale is told by Mr. John B. Wainwright, a modern Wykehamist.

To complete our list we must mention the Pope's Encyclical on the *Immaculate Conception*, and reprints of two of Cardinal Newman's discourses on *The Glories of Mary* from among those "addressed to Mixed Congregations;" also the *Lenten Gospels*, a penny tract giving the text of all Epistles and Gospels for Lent, Dominical and Ferial.

In *Letters from Rome in 1903* (Simpkin, Marshall and Co), Mr. R. W. Edleston, F.S.A. has given us a curiously interesting picture from a friendly and sympathetic Anglican standpoint, of the events in Rome which preceded and followed the last *Sede Vacante*. The author writes very pleasantly and his descriptions range over a much wider field of interest than those of the ordinary newspaper correspondent. The occasional glimpses of the more social side of life in the Holy City will also be

appreciated by many. The book is embellished by illustrations from photographs taken by the author.

The Convent of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton, has sent us Nos. III. IV. and V. of their *Historical Plays for Schools*. The titles are—*Some Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, *Maids of Honour*, and *A Hundred Years ago*, and they deal with the periods of Queen Elizabeth, of Charles II., and of George III. respectively. The first seems to us the best upon the whole. That the plays of this series are really successful when put upon the stage, is attested by Father W. Roche in his brief Introduction. They are certainly written with no little grace of style and dramatic skill, and the get-up speaks wonders for the Convent press.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (III.)

St. Hubert, the Patron of Hunters. *S. Beissel*. From Manchuria to Port Arthur. *A. Huonder*. Population and Religious Creeds in Switzerland. *H. Krose*. Religion and the Formation of Character. *M. Meschler*. The Spanish Humourist, J. F. de Isla. *A. Baumgartner*. Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (March 14.)

A Christian Apologist—Père Sertillanges, O.P. *Abbé Delfour*. The Suez Canal. *E. Boucaud*. Madame de Staël and her Philosophy. *E. C.* The Struggle in the Far East. *P. Gairal de Sérézin*. The Spirit of Democracy. *J. Laurentie*. Recent Works on Patrology. *J. Tixeront*. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (March 4 and 18.)

Journalism and Sensational Crime. Catholic Democracy. The St. Louis Exhibition. Science and Religion. Egypt and the Bible. The College of Cardinals and the Law of Italy. Our Four Gospels. The Secularization of the Ecclesiastical States of Germany (1802—1805). The Definition of the Immaculate Conception. Chorepiscopi and Cardinal Bishops. Reviews, &c.

RAZÓN Y FE. (March.)

From Liberalism to Anarchy. *N. Noguér*. The Reform Movement and Biblical Exegesis. *L. Murillo*. The Relations of Church and State. *V. Minteguiaga*. A New Libellus of the Persecution of Decius. *Z. García*. The University of Salamanca and the Immaculate Conception. *A. Pérez*. The Speaking Arc. *J. Albiñana*. The Inspection of Labour in Belgium. *N. N.* Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (1905, II.)

The Masai of East Africa and their relation to the Old Testament. *J. Döller*. The Teaching of St. Irenæus on Redemption and Sanctification. *F. Stoll*. Faith and Science in modern Protestant Philosophy and Theology. *Professor Sawicki*. The Conception of God of Nicholas da Cusa. *P. J. Hemmerle*. The Song of the Flames. Reviews, &c.

REVUE AUGUSTINIENNE. (March 18.)

Original Sin according to St. Anselm. *F. Blachère*. An anchoress of the Seventeenth Century. *A. Maniglier*. The Mormons. *G. Demiaute*. Notes on Russian Theology. *L. Baurain*. Reviews, &c.

ÉTUDES. (March 5 and 20.)

The Blue Lotus—the Wonders of Theosophy. *L. de Grandmaison*. Catholics and the Rights of God. *H. Berchois*. The Most Ancient MSS. and the Two Schools of Gregorian. *A. Fleury*. A New Academician—M. Émile Gebhart. *H. Chérot*. Jesuits and Protestants. *P. Bliard*. The Mechanism of the Spiritual Exercises. *P. Grace*. The Pessimism of Schopenhauer. *L. Roure*. Japan of Old Time. *J. Doizé*. In Favour of the Concordat. *P. Dudon*. The Victory of Freemasonry. *H. Chérot*. The History of Religions. *A. d'Alès*.

